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THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XXV, 1922

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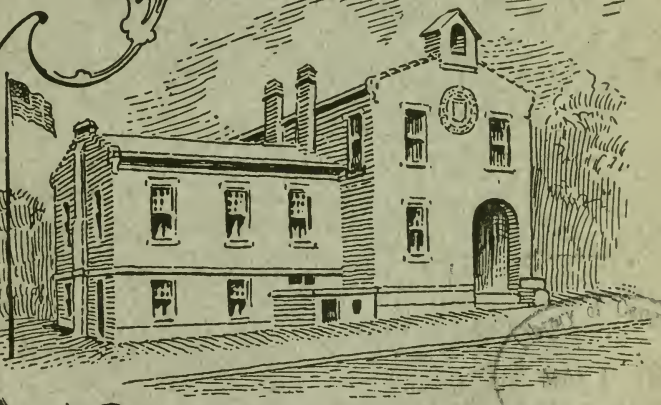

March, 1922

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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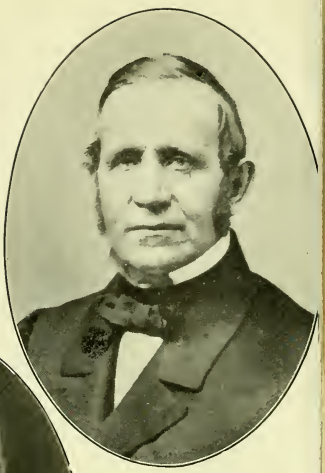
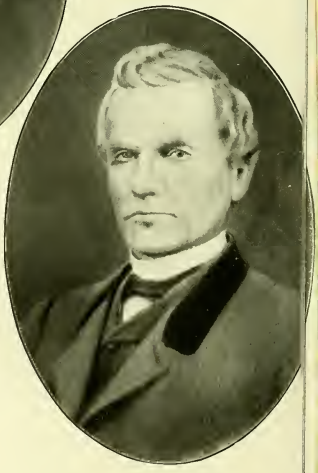
FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.





MEDFORD SHIP-BUILDERS

JOSHUA T. FOSTER

FOSTER WATERMAN

THATCHER MAGOUN

JAMES O. CURTIS

WILLIAM M. CUDWORTH

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXV. MARCH, 1922. No. 1.

STORY OF A MEDFORD PIANO.

By Moses W. Mann.

WERE we to enumerate those of today it would appear like wholesale business. The one under present consideration was in Medford in 1800–04, and possibly the first of its kind in our old town. At that time it was comparatively new. It is still not far away (as will be shown) but is voiceless, and "in age and feebleness extreme." It is only recently that the writer learned of it and of its present resting place, and set about tracing its history.

In Vol. VII, No. 2, may be found the excellent story of Susanna Rowson and her famous school for young ladies, prepared by the late Mary Sargent, and read by her before the Historical Society, October, 1903. To that the reader is referred for the setting and location of this piano while in Medford (though no allusion is there made to it), the present writer only remarking that Mrs. Rowson's school was housed in a building on High street, removed just prior to the erection of Grace Church and the Tufts residence.

Mrs. Rowson's biographer (Rev. Elias Nason) states "Mrs. Rowson introduced a piano into her schoolroom in the spring of 1799, and young ladies from different parts of the country availed themselves of the opportunity of learning to play this instrument that had taken the place of the spinet and harpsichord."

Mr. Nason, however, tells nothing of its history. Our interest in it was aroused by the following, very recently

published ("History of Haverhill, N.H.," W. F. Whitcher, p. 378); —

First Piano.

The first piano in Haverhill was owned by Gen. John Montgomery and was brought to Haverhill some time prior to 1820. This instrument had an interesting history. It was made in London by Christopher Gaverand and had been the property of Princess Amelia, daughter of George III. She gave it to a chaplain of the royal family, whose daughter married an American by the name of Odionne. They brought it to Boston, later it was taken to Medford and used in a school kept by Miss Susan Ranson. It was later still purchased by General Montgomery and brought to Haverhill, where it was in use for some years, and was then taken to New Ipswich, where its real historical importance was seen in the life work of Jonas Chickering, who was at the age of twenty a cabinet maker in that town.

The piano was out of repair and he was given the task of placing it in condition, and though he had never seen such an instrument before, he made a careful study and successfully accomplished his task, and determined to become a piano manufacturer. He went to Boston in 1818, and entered the employ of John Osborne the only piano maker in that city. He mastered every detail of the work, made many improvements, and in 1823 began business for himself in April, and in June of that year finished and sold his first piano. This is now in the collection of early musical instruments of various types belonging to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

John Montgomery had three daughters in Mrs. Rowson's school. He was not "General" till the war of 1812. Recalling the interesting episode in Medford's old meeting-house (related by Miss Sargent) when Mr. Rowson and Mr. Montgomery sang "a powerful duo" in the absence of Medford's recalcitrant choir during a visit to the school, we looked into the genealogies in the Haverhill history and find them given as —

1 Mary. b Mar 5, 1790
2 Ann or Nancy b Apr 8. 1792
3 Mary* b. Oct 1, 1794 d. Apr 14. 1817

* Evidently an error, as Montgomery had a daughter *Myra* at the school with Mary.

The above first-mentioned Mary would have been twelve years of age at her father's visit to Medford in 1802, and was under Mrs. Rowson's tuition in 1805 after the removal of the school to Newton (1804). She married, August 26, 1810, Samuel Bachelder (who was six years her senior, and who outlived her ten years). He came to New Ipswich, N. H., in 1808, and was engaged in cotton manufacture there several years.

Having digressed a little to show connection with the above, let us return to our piano subject again. For information we visited the Medford Public Library and were shown the beautiful little portrait of Mrs. Rowson, from which those in the REGISTER and "Medford Past and Present" are reproduced. This was given to Miss Sargent by a granddaughter of Mrs. Bachelder, the Mary Montgomery who attended Mrs. Rowson's school and there (and in her early married life in New Ipswich) used this old piano.

We also took from the library, for a careful reading, the "Memoir of Mrs. Rowson," above alluded to. It was with some surprise that we found that though written by a Medford author, and published in 1870, it was not acquired by our library until March, 1901, and in the twenty years since then had been taken out but once (March, 1914).

Attached to page 99 is the following typewritten statement:—

> In 1884 there was given to the New England Conservatory of Music an old piano — made in London in 1782. This instrument originally belonged to the Princess Amelia, the youngest daughter of George III, and she gave it to the Chaplain of the royal family, whose daughter married a Mr. Odiorne, an American. She brought the piano to Boston. It was bought by General John Montgomery and taken to Medford, where it was used, by his daughter, at the school for young ladies kept by Mrs. Susanna Rowson.

This was probably inserted by Miss Sargent (then the librarian) at about the time of her preparation of the

article for the HISTORICAL REGISTER. Its opening sentence confirmed our thought, that possibly the last sentence of the Haverhill history extract might be ambiguous. A visit to the Conservatory was next in order. We were there shown an upright piano, diminutive in size as compared with present styles. It was enclosed in a case of inlaid wood of most elaborate workmanship. It is said to be the first "upright" made, and the most valuable in the collection. We thought we had succeeded in our quest, but a second visit revealed that we had more to learn. By the courtesy of the manager's office we were shown the real instrument in question and presented with an elaborate *Catalogue of the Exhibition, Horticultural Hall, January 11–26, 1902.* This exhibition was under the auspices of Chickering & Sons, and totalled 1,346 distinct enumerations, mainly of musical instruments, ancient and modern. The catalogue filled seventy-eight pages, and among its illustrations (facing page 18) is a view of the piano of which we write, and which was numbered 1 (one) in the exhibit and catalogue from which we quote: —

I. SQUARE PIANO.

Made in London by Christopher Ganer for Princess Amelia, youngest daughter of George III. She gave it to the chaplain of the royal family, whose daughter married a Mr. Odiorne, an American, and he brought it to Boston. It was sold in this city to Gen. John Montgomery and taken to Medford, Mass., where it was used at the school for young ladies kept by Mrs. Susan Rawson, author of "Charlotte Temple." The piano some time afterward was sent to Haverhill, N. H., where it was in use many years. Later it was taken to New Ipswich, N. H., where its real historic importance in connection with the firm of Chickering and Sons begins. Mr. Jonas Chickering, founder of the house, was in the last year of his apprenticeship, at the age of nineteen, with a cabinet-maker named John Gould, when this old instrument was brought to them to be tuned and repaired. The young apprentice, though he had never seen a piano, and, of course, was wholly unacquainted with its complicated structure, successfully undertook the task of restoring it to usefulness. The piano is five octaves, the keyboard extending two-thirds the length of the instrument.

At a later date organ pipes and bellows were added to the piano and placed in the body of the instrument under the strings.

There at last, after one hundred and forty years, is the piano of Princess Amelia which was in Medford in the closing year of the eighteenth and three opening years of the nineteenth centuries. Could it but talk, what a story it might tell of its first home, the royal palace of England. It might also tell that in the very year of its making, King George was reluctantly acknowledging the independence of his rebellious subjects overseas, some of them on old High street in Medford.

It might tell how the royal chaplain's daughter joined the erstwhile rebels, becoming an American citizen by her marriage; and of its journey across the Atlantic with her. We may not know of her fortunes, or how the piano came to be sold. John Montgomery was a Scotch-Irish farmer and leading citizen of that new town in the north county of Cowass, or Coös, called from the Massachusetts town on the Merrimack, Haverhill, and probably its wealthiest man. George III had fifteen children, Montgomery had thirteen, but it was his eldest, instead of the king's youngest, who was to be at last the mistress of the London piano. That she was such, after her school days at Medford and Newton and in her early married life, is shown by its northern journey to Haverhill and its southern to New Ipswich. No wonder that, with its use in school and family, and its various cartings about, it needed "tuning and repair" in 1817, when it fell into the hands of Jonas Chickering. Referring to the history of New Ipswich we find of him —

When about nineteen years of age, a piano-forte, (the only one in town) became useless for want of some person to tune it and make some slight repairs; and although it was the first instrument of the kind he had ever seen, yet, prompted by curiosity and his interest in musical instruments he undertook the task and after much labor succeeded in restoring it to usefulness.

This apparently trifling matter, no doubt, had an important bearing on [his] after life, and he soon after, unaided and alone,

commenced the building of a small organ without any instruction, drawings, or hardly any idea of what such an instrument should be. He persevered for a while, but could hardly be said to have succeeded, and it is only now referred to, to show his bent of mind.

In reading this latter paragraph (written in 1852) we are led to compare it with the preceding extract quoted, and query if both refer to one and the same thing.

A brief description may be in order. The piano itself, *i.e.*, the frame, strings and keyboard, is enclosed in a rectangular box about twenty-one by sixty inches, about eight inches deep. The cover is in two parts, with a flap in front, hinged to it, *i.e.*, a two-third section along the keyboard. This box has metallic drop handles at each end, such as are used on tool-boxes for carrying. This box or case of veneered wood rests upon a frame slightly larger. This frame consists of four boards about ten inches wide tenoned into the square legs at each corner, the front faces of which are fluted. From these flutings downward to the brass casters they are elaborately turned, and the principal member of the pattern reeded. The front-board of this frame is cut in the form of an elliptic arch, and behind it is placed another, plain and straight, and back of this is the bellows above referred to.

This *frame* is evidently no part of the original construction by Christopher Ganer, but must have been the work of some American artisan of later years.

The reader will note that it is now twenty years since its exhibition by the Chickerings, since which time it has been in a *class-room* at the Conservatory of Music. In some other rooms there, are other of those exhibits, and the managers regret the lack of a suitable hall for their grouping in general display for examination. Our inspection of this old instrument was with some disadvantage, as the rooms are almost continuously in use by students, but here is what, by lying on our backs on the floor and gazing upward, we found: —

Occupying about one-third the space enclosed in the newer construction, is the bellows, and the remaining

space is closely packed with *three* tiers of "stopped" organ pipes, all of wood, one for each key, and in some way connected therewith. Some of these pipes are made at right angles (instead of straight) because of the limited space, and all are placed *horizontally*, instead of the usual vertical position. Four of these are gone from their place, but with the disjointed blow-pedal are stored away in the *old* piano case, under the cover. Two of them are broken apart at the angle; the other two are intact and responded to our breath. One of the music teachers expressed his surprise thus, "Why, this isn't a piano at all, it's an organ!" But the exhibit card of 1902 still lies inside the old case, PRINCESS AMELIA PIANO. Here the query arises, — when did it cease to be a piano? as it certainly did when the strings were removed. So, in search of information, we went to the Chickerings.

We were there shown an excellent photograph of a Christopher Ganer piano (cover raised showing interior), such as this must have originally been, with six legs and one pedal. Endorsed on its back was this legend: —

First Piano-forte ever seen by Jonas Chickering, once the property of Princess Amelia, daughter of George III., now owned by Miss Ellen Day Hale, daughter of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Feb., 1916.

We began to think of the tomb of Columbus, and to wonder, "What next?"

The *next* was, that we were also there furnished with the following, from the editorial page of the *Boston Evening Transcript* of August 30, 1867: —

AN HISTORICAL PIANO.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following account of an Organized Piano, being the first Pianoforte which the late Mr. Jonas Chickering ever saw, which is now in the possession of Mrs. Samuel Batchelder of Old Cambridge.

This instrument is remarkable, aside from the circumstances above stated, as having belonged to the Princess Amelia, daughter of George III. She presented it to her Chaplain. George Odiorne

of Boston married the Chaplain's daughter in London. The Chaplain gave the instrument to his daughter when she left her native land for her home in America.

The late General J. Montgomery purchased the Piano of Mr. Odiorne for his daughter, then a young girl in Mrs. Rawson's school in Boston, and afterwards gave it to her when she went to reside in New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

There, accidentally, the cover was broken. A Cabinetmaker was sent for to make a new lid, and Jonas Chickering, then an apprentice, was sent to examine the Piano for a removal to the shop. His look of astonishment and wonder at this revelation of a hitherto unknown (to him) musical instrument, can be better imagined than described. He seemed utterly unconscious of observation while he peered about it, removing and displacing to examine the construction, and in it he first saw an Organ, with its various pipes and bellows. The Pianoforte and Organ could be used together, and were tuned in unison, or they could be played separately.

Mr. Chickering, a few years since, advised the owner to have a new and larger bellows put in, and play the organ by itself, as the tones were very sweet and suited to a chamber. His advice was followed. Mr. Chickering expressed much pleasure from time to time in selecting his best instruments for the lady to whom he was indebted for his first study of a Pianoforte.

This true account will correct the statements of the writer in the July number of *The Atlantic Monthly* on "The Piano in the United States," in which he states that the first Piano Jonas Chickering ever saw was in a battered condition, and that he put it in good repair, whereas, the one he first saw was in constant use and is a handsome instrument at the present moment, inlaid with satinwood and wreaths of colored wood surrounding the name of

CHRISTOPHER GANER
Londoni Fecit
1782
Broad Street
SOHO.

On reading the above (typed copy kindly furnished us, and from which our compositor sets it) we were more at sea than ever. We were reminded of the saying of some eminent writer, "Language is given us to conceal our thoughts." Evidently its first paragraph is editorially written, the remainder by the "correspondent" therein mentioned. But who was he? Does the word

"writer" (in the closing paragraph) refer to James Parton, author of the *Atlantic Monthly* article, or to the writer of the above *Transcript* article, or were both one and the same? The "Mrs. Samuel Batchelder of Old Cambridge" was the Mary Montgomery of Mrs. Rowson's Medford school. This *Transcript* story tallies with others till we read the fourth paragraph, which makes it appear that the piano of Princess Amelia had been "organized" prior to Jonas Chickering's first sight of it, 1817, in New Ipswich. How correct it may be we cannot say. It was written fifty years after Chickering's first sight. No other writer mentions the *organizing* save the brief mention in the Chickering catalogue of 1902, which assigns a *later date* than 1817.

Neither Dr. Hale nor Louis Elson, who were speakers at the eightieth anniversary exercises of the Chickering Company, alluded to anything of the kind as existing at that early time. We are inclined to the idea that the "look of astonishment and wonder" attributed to the young apprentice is purely an *embellishment* by the newspaper writer. As to the next paragraph and Mr. Chickering's advice, we will say this: From several examinations we have made, we conclude that at some time *subsequent* to its *organizing* "his advice was followed," and "a larger bellows put in." But in so doing the *original* piano was utterly *dis*organized. We found a section of the bottom of the original instrument had been cut out to make room into which the "larger bellows" could rise when inflated, and which cut shows the peculiar composition of a thickness of two and a half inches. That action must have *ruined the piano* as such. Perhaps the strings were then removed, or later when found useless. How long the owners continued to "play the organ by itself" as recommended we cannot say, nor yet whether it was thus usable when exhibited in 1902. It certainly is not at this present writing, as the keys are almost immovable.

Regarding the other piano, said to have been Princess

Amelia's, the following communication is self-explanatory:

CHICKERING & SONS
Div. American Piano Company
BOSTON, MASS.

BOSTON, December 13, 1921.

MY DEAR MR. MANN: —

At last I have heard from my "authorities" with the result that the pretty little story about the Princess Amelia's Piano being in the possession of Miss Hale appears to be completely disproved. I am rather sorry for our part, but am pleased for your sake, for this simplifies your problems in connection with the Christopher Ganer Piano at the Conservatory.

I wrote to the man who had charge of the Historical Musical Exhibition, held in Horticultural Hall in 1902, under the auspices of Chickering & Sons, and all that he could tell me of the previous history of the Christopher Ganer Piano, supposed to have been the property of Princess Amelia, is contained in the little catalogue, copy of which you have.

I also communicated with another one of our former officials, and he, too, is of the opinion that the Piano of the Princess Amelia is either in the Conservatory or in the Art Museum, and feels quite sure that no credence should be placed in the statement made to me (and passed on to you) that Miss Hale had anything to do with the instrument in question. He did, however, say that we restored an antique Piano of foreign make for Miss Hale, but there was no connection between it and the Piano of the Princess.

In regard to the somewhat ambiguous statement in the *Transcript* article, copy of which you have, I am as much at sea as you, for we have nothing other than a copy of the article, exactly like the one which I gave to you. I am sorry that the information I am able to give you is so meagre, but I feel somewhat relieved to be in position to set you right on the question of Miss Hale's ownership of the Princess' Piano.

Wishing you success with your work, I am,

Very truly yours,

MARGARET E. CONNELL, *Secretary.*

At the Centennial Celebration at New Ipswich (1850) the orator said: —

Thirty years ago, few ears had been delighted with the sound even of the tinkling pianos of that day. . . . A great and happy change has been wrought in social life. And to whom is it owing?

Is it not to one of our own citizens? Do we not remember him as he quietly plied the saw, the plane and the lathe by yonder hill? It is Chickering.

Mr. Chickering was there present, having then constructed eleven thousand pianos since his restoration in 1817 of this London-made piano, which was the incentive to his life's work.

And here we leave the old instrument that was once a *Medford* piano, with the suggestion that some one follow up *our* investigation and get from this old "organized piano" more of its history, which is really something unique and of remarkable interest.

AT MEDFORD'S OLD CIVIC CENTER.

By Eliza M. Gill.

Old Medford has passed away and a new one stands in her place. We see the change in many ways. Once a town with a small unmixed population, now a city with rapidly increasing numbers of many peoples. The quiet that prevailed after the decline of ship building has given way to the rush and scream of the electrics and auto machines, and the dignified demeanor of former citizens is replaced by the bustling nervous energy fostered by modern conditions. Houses of historic association on the old highways have been demolished and hundreds of homes for our new citizens are being built in places formerly never dreamed of as residential districts.

Even the physical aspect of the place has become altered. The river above Cradock bridge has been changed and some of the marshes are disappearing. Spot pond has a different look, and the forests around it, where were once wood-cutters' paths, are now the Middlesex Fells pierced by roads for pleasure driving. Hills have been levelled and great boulevards laid out on all sides that offer wonderfully fine views at all seasons, by day or night. In this direction we can honestly confess we see the march of improvement.

For those who have known former generations the following facts are presented concerning a few houses and those who lived in them.

Much about the Watson house, that was taken down a number of years ago, has appeared in the REGISTER, still there are a few items we can give our readers before we write *finis* to the story of this old house.

Although it was of unpretentious appearance, it had an air of solidity, security and comfort — very desirable qualities in a place for home making and living — and it never seemed to lack tenants. We seldom find one tenant occupying the whole house, the east and west half were generally let to different families.

It was pre-eminent among the old houses of Medford for the varied and interesting personality of those who lived there.

Perhaps all will remember that the most distinguished person who made it his roof-tree was John Brooks, and that he entertained Washington there. When he left, Joseph Barrel, Jr., and his wife made their home for several years in the east part, the part the former had occupied.

The name Barrel immediately attracts our attention, and we wonder why a scion of that well-known family should have made this unpretentious house his dwelling place. The records of the following marriages in a way afford an answer as to why he was drawn thither, and we have elsewhere concluded that Medford in a much earlier time had many attractions to draw here those who were looking for a home.

Timothy Fitch, merchant of Nantucket and Boston, and one-time owner of the Watson house, and Abigail Donnahew of Medford were married by the Rev. Ebenezer Turell, August 19, 1746. There were several daughters by this marriage, and Hannah married Joseph Barrel of Boston, November 26, 1771.

John Brown Fitch of Boston and Hepziah Hall of Medford were married by Rev. David Osgood, Janu-

ary 27, 1785. In this marriage triangle of the Barrel, Fitch and Hall families we understand why Joseph Barrel, Jr., became a resident of our town. He married Electa Bingham of Boston, also given as of Stockbridge, the Rev. S. West performing the ceremony July 5, 1795. (Register, Vol. XIX, p. 11.)

Hannah Barrel, sister of Joseph, Jr., was married by the Rev. Jedediah Morse of Charlestown, February 8, 1798, to Benjamin Joy, a well-known physician of Boston.

The senior Barrel was a well-known wealthy Boston merchant who had a fine house and an elegant garden on Summer street, when it was a residential section of the city, where there were many fine places. The estate was well laid out, the garden embellished with fish ponds, and when, toward the end of the eighteenth century, he sold this place and moved to Cobble Hill, Charlestown (Somerville was not set apart from Charlestown till 1842), he built for himself a fine brick mansion, a creation of Bulfinch, and duplicated in some ways the garden of the Summer street residence.

The glass in the house is said to have been from the first works erected in Boston. This beautiful place was called Poplar Grove. Benjamin Joy sold the estate in 1816 to the Massachusetts General Hospital for the McLean Asylum for the Insane. The mansion was used as quarters for the officers of the institution, and additions were built each side of the central portion. All traces of the estate and even the hill no longer exist. For an interesting item concerning the Barrel family, and one concerning Medford, our readers are referred to Francis Hill Bigelow's "Historic Silver of the Colonies and Its Makers," pp. 302, 303, 363.

After this digression, which we trust is pardonable, believing it to be correlative and not irrelevant to this sketch, we are back in Medford in the old Watson house again and find John Usher of our town preceding Barrell, Jr., as a tenant.

The old meeting-house had seen under its shadow,

living in this house, a Revolutionary soldier who was a friend of Washington, and as a counter-balance, also was a Loyalist, who as one, was an enemy of Washington, living here at an earlier date, and now, about 1800, was to be neighbor to another of the latter class. (REGISTER, Vol. XV, p. 97).

Our incomparable chronicler* noted that Mr. Green took the whole house and for a while let the west part to the Wyley family from Georgia. Mrs. Green removed to Boston at the death of her husband, 1809, and the Misses Abby and Mary Hall, sisters of Nathaniel Hall, who lived in the Secomb house, rented the east part. A little later these ladies exchanged their quarters with the Swans, who about this time became owners of the property.

About 1815 the west half was occupied by the wife of Captain Trevet of the revenue service. She was a daughter of Major Warner of Medford. A Mr. Warner lived on the Bishop lot where later the first Thatcher Magoun erected the building now the home of the Public Library. Were these Warners identical?

Two years later Mrs. Green returned to the west half, remaining until 1822, when, with the Gilchrist family, she moved to Charlestown, N. H.

This part then became the home of widowed sisters from Georgia, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Wallace, who were cousins of Mrs. William R. Gray of Boston. (REGISTER, Vol. XXI, p. 28.)

The old meeting-house next had for its neighbor one whose religious tenets were quite unlike those of the people who worshipped within its walls. A French Canadian, a music teacher whose name was Noreau, had a child born to whom the name was given of Jean Baptiste Napoleon Noreau. What a thrill must have run through the frame of the Puritan building when it became aware that the child had been christened by a Roman Catholic priest!

* Caleb Swan.

In 1825 Abner Bartlett and his family were the next tenants, and lived here many years.

The history of this family is too well known for us to make further mention of it, and we only wish to add that Sarah Bartlett, widow of Abner, during the period of our Civil War, knit for the soldier boys three hundred and seven pairs of woolen socks, a feat not surpassed by the busy knitters of recent days. Mrs. Bartlett was then several years beyond four score.

HOW A MEDFORD SHIP WAS BUILT.

A half century has nearly passed since the *Pilgrim*, the last Medford-built ship, was launched from Captain Foster's ship yard. To speak of ship building in Medford today is to tell of a lost art, and of the many craft here built, none are now known to be afloat. But reminders of them come to us occasionally.

The specifications of one, built seventy-five years ago, we reproduce in print, regretting that it could not be a facsimile of the elegant quill script of the original. It is the only "specification" we have ever seen, or that we know to exist, of a Medford-built ship. We present it entire, as worthy of a place in the historic literature of Medford. Representative of a vanished industry, it is a witness of the careful and thorough work done on the banks of the Mystic in days agone.

We call attention to the group of Medford ship builders shown in our frontispiece, especially Mr. Cudworth, the builder of the *Horsburgh*.

Description of Ship "Horsburgh."

All the frame white oak and Hackmetack, Hackmetack used for all the [k]night-heads, except one next to Stem and some timbers in bow cants and top timbers & upper deck knees and hanging knees between decks.

Timbers on the keel moulded 15 inches —— at gunwale 6 inches ——rooms 24 inches —— floor & navel timbers sided 11 & 11½ inches & timbers sided at gunwale from 9 to 10½ inches.

Size of Keelson 15 x 15½ inches — a copper bolt in every other floor timber through floor timber & keel before keelson was put on — ½ of 1 inch & ½ of ⅗ths and then a copper bolt thro' every floor timber whole length of Ship, thro' keelson, floor timber and Keel.

One bolt of 1¼ inch through every scarph of keel and keelson — all the rest of 1⅛ inch — Stern knee and false stem fastened with 1¼ & 1⅛ inch copper as high as copper fastenings goes.

Rider 13 x 13½ inches fastened with iron bolts of 1⅛ inch, 24 inches apart.

Ceiling on the floor 3½ inches thick of white oak — a spike in every other timber & a treenail in every other timber — treenails drove from inside, two thick streaks to go over floor timber joints 7 inches thick of white oak & doubled forward & aft so as to make about same thickness forward & aft as amidships: fastened with an iron bolt drove from inside thro' every other timber of ⅞ & a copper bolt thro' every other timber of ⅞ inch and then a locust treenail thro' every other timber drove from inside making two fastenings thro' every other timber & then three six inch yellow pine streaks above the 7 inch and then 5 inch yellow pine to go to the clamps & four six inch yellow pine clamps carried round the bow & aft doubled. the six inch streaks fastened; a spike in every other timber & a locust treenail in every other timber drove from the outside & thro' ceiling, wedged outside and inside & a ⅞th copper bolt in every third timber — the 5 inch streaks fastened; a spike in every other timber and a locust treenail in every other timber drove from outside & thro' ceiling same as the 6 inch — one treenail thro' every other timber & a ⅞ copper bolt in every third timber — the 4 lower deck clamps are fastened: a spike in every timber and an iron bolt in every timber; one half the bolts ⅞ & ½ of ⅞ inch.

Hanging Knees sided 7½ & 8 inches of white oak fastened with ½ of 1⅛ inch & ½ of inch iron, 9 bolts in a knee

Lower deck beams sided from 14½ to 17 inches & moulded 14 to 14½ inches in centre & 10 to 11 inches at the ends all of yellow pine.

Lower deck knees sided 7 inches & fastened with 1⅛ & 1 inch iron — fastenings drove from outside through bends &c

Lower deck Waterways, yellow pine, 14 inches deep and moulded on underside 14 inches thick.

Streak next to waterway on lower deck 9 inches thick on inside, fastened; a bolt through every other timber drove from outside & clinched on the inside & a bolt thro' every other timber drove from bends outside & clinched on the inside of waterway — making the fastenings of waterway in two streaks of bends

One thick streak above lower deck waterway 8 inches thick and a blunt bolt in every other timber drove from the inside of $\frac{3}{4}$ths & a bolt in every other timber drove from outside & clinched on the inside of $\frac{3}{4}$ths

The 8 inch streak is bolted edgewise, down thro' waterway and bolts about 3 feet apart.

Upper deck clamp, 5 inches thick and tapered to 4 inches to top of thick streak above waterway

The upper deck clamp and next streak below have a spike in every timber and a $\frac{3}{4}$ iron bolt in every timber where there is no chain bolt.

Upper deck beams are sided from 14 to 16 inches and moulded from 8 to $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches in centre and from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 inches at ends.

Upper deck plank of soft pine $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide & $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick fastened with composition spikes

Quarter deck 3 inches thick $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide fastened with composition spikes

Upper deck knees of hackmetack, sided 6 inches, fastened with 1 inch iron

Hanging knees under upper deck beams sided 8 to 9 inches with 9 one inch bolts in each knee

Plankshier 5 inches thick well fastened down with iron & a $\frac{3}{4}$ copper bolt thro' every stanchion

Rail 5 inches thick

Bottom plank $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick to the round of the bilge and then 4 inch white oak except 6 streaks of yellow pine 4 in. thick, 3 of the 6 yellow pine streaks under wales to flush out. The 5 lower wales & the upper wale, making six, white oak — the rest yellow pine 7 inches wide.

Upper streks $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide & $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick each butt fastened with a copper spike

Ship *Horsburgh* built by Hayden & Cudworth at Medford for Dan[l]. C. Bacon of Boston, Mass. launched May 1 1847, Carpenters tonnage $577\frac{73}{95}$ Tons

Government tonnage about 550 Tons.

Dimensions Carpenter's Measurement

Length on deck	142 feet
Breadth of beam — Carpenters' measure	29 ,, $8\frac{1}{2}$ in
Whole depth	20 ,, 9 ,,

Built with a half poop cabin, about 18 feet long with a house running six feet forward of poop, with a state room on one side & entry on the other side, next to gangway.

Has American Rigging made by Mr Sewall —

Cotton duck for heavy sails & twine duck for light sails

DIMENSIONS SHIP HORSBURGH'S SPARS

Main Mast	71 ft.	Head 11–6.—	Main Yard	62 ft.	arms	2–6
,, Topmast	38 ,,	,, 6–6	,, Topsail	,, 49 ,,	,,	3–9
,, Top. gt. ,,	19–6 & 9 Pole		,, Top.Gt:,,	34 ,,	,,	2–
Fore Mast	65–6	Head 10–6	Fore Yard	56 ,,	,,	2–4
,, Topmast	36–	,, 6–	,, Top Gt.	43–6	,,	3–6
,, T. Gt. ,,	18–6 12–2 & 7–6 Pole		,, T. Gt.	31	,,	1–9
Mizen Mast	63	Head 8–6	Cross jack	44	,,	3–
,, Topmast	28	,, 4–9	M^{z} T. Gt.:	34	,,	2–8
,, ,, G. mast	14–6 9–6 & 5 Pole		,, ,, ,,	23	,,	1–6

Bowsprit out board 26. Royal Yds 23 ,, 21 & 16 arms 1–4, 1–2, & 1
Jib Boom 36 Head 2–6
Flying Jib boom 39. Head 3–6
Spanker Boom 38 Gaff 28 & 4–6 end.

AN OLD MEDFORD AGREEMENT.

A recent accession to the Historical Society's library is a record of early conveyances of land and buildings, carefully copied from the books of the Middlesex Registry by the late John H. Hooper. It comprises one hundred and four pages (eight and one-half by eleven and one-half inches), fifty-three lines on each, as the ruling is but three-sixteenths of an inch apart.

It was certainly "some job" Mr. Hooper did. Any who doubt will be quickly convinced by an examination of the ancient record books, with their quaint spelling and queer chirography, now carefully preserved under silk tissue.

The reading of those old deeds certainly refutes some of the statements in the History of Medford, especially that of "the lands of Medford were apportioned to the first settlers by decision of the Court of May, 1629." The librarian here calls attention to page 24, Vol. XVII, REGISTER, where, in "Notes About Town," certain bounds and marking points were mentioned, and would be pleased to have some expert now locate them after a careful reading of the following from Mr. Hooper's transcript: —

It is also agreed that there shall be a common landing place upon Stephen Willis' land, in his second division, by the River, free to

all the proprietors of the farm, and a convenient way to it, for which landing place and highway there shall be allowed in his lot 100 poles. Also a highway to lie in common from the Country road to Joshua Brooks' land.

24–10–1680. Agreement between Caleb Brooks on the one part, and John Hall, Thomas & Stephen Willis, John Whitmore, Stephen & John Francis, on the second part, that the line that has been for a long time in controversy between the abovesaid Brooks' land and the land purchased of Edward Collins by the parties aforesaid, is now agreed upon by both parties, bounded and marked out as follows: — From a great tree standing at the S. W. corner of an orchard lately planted by John Whitmore being in the line between the abovesaid Brooks & Whitmore and so upon another great black Oak tree being in said line as is above mentioned between said Brooks and Whitmore, and from that in a straight line to a stake standing up in the line between said Brooks and Stephen & John Francis' 2 a. of Clay land, then from said stake to a little black oak, and from that to an old shed within a rod of said Brooks' Meadow, then from said shed to a little black Oak bush by the River, upon a straight line, said Shed is the S. or S. W. corner of the 2 a. of Clay land above-mentioned, where the line is now staked out and agreed upon. Upon the condition of placing the line as above-mentioned, it is agreed that the said Brooks is to have a landing place of four cords of wood front upon the River, beg. at or near the bush close to the River which is the line on the E. or S. E. between said Brooks and Francis. This landing place is upon the land of Stephen & John Francis. Also it is agreed that Stephen & John Francis shall have a convenient highway through Thomas Willis' land, into the said 2 a. of Clay land, the said highway to come into Thomas Willis' land to be upon the S. E. corner of John Whitmore's field, from a highway that goes from a landing place at or near Thomas Willis' pasture, and it is agreed that for the highway above-mentioned, Thomas Willis is to have a landing place at or near his own pasture.

Here appears an amicable settlement of a boundary dispute in which seven early residents of (West) Medford were concerned, and which resulted in the establishment of the way now known as Canal street, a hundred and ten years before the canal was even thought of.

The map of early Medford, also made by Mr. Hooper from the data he thus secured, is invaluable, showing as it does the earliest division of the Cradock farm (which

was the earliest Medford), and also the location of the dwellings of those early townsmen, seven of whom are above named. As in some of the deeds plans are mentioned, it is a source of regret that none have been preserved to show the bounds thus agreed upon. The "old shed" that was "within a rod of said Brooks' meadow but *on the corner of the Francis' two acres of clayland*" has long ago disappeared. But the "clayland" is there today, and a few years since, when the river was dredged, a "black-oak bush" was torn out of the bank, which by the river's wearing had changed a little. A ten-inch piece of it lies upon the table before the writer. It squares to two inches, and is perfectly sound. It may be the same that Joshua Brooks measured his "four cords of wood landing place" from, thus gaining thirty-two feet more frontage on the river.

A REVOLUTIONARY PAROLE.

British officers promise to remain in the quarters assigned, within the limits:—

Beginning at Swan's shop on Charlestown Neck, the Cambridge road up to the crossway to Fort No. 3, and from Learned's tavern the Cambridge road on to the common to the Menotomy road, up said road to Cooper's tavern, taking in the Menotomy pond, but not to pass the beach on the south, west, or north sides thereof, from Cooper's tavern down to the east end of Benjamin Tuft's house in Medford, and from Medford bridge the Boston road to Swan's shop, the first-mentioned bound. The intermediate roads are within the parole, and the back yards of the respective quarters to the distance of eighty yards from them.

Dated December 13, 1777.

Original in Boston Public Library. O'Callaghan, *Burgoyne's Orderly Book*, 176.

L. M. HASTINGS.

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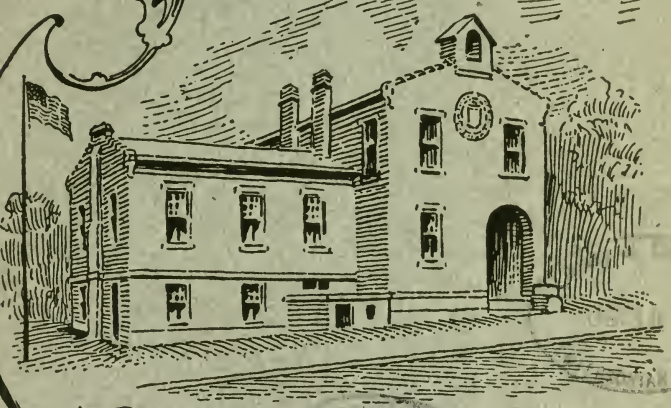
HISTORICAL REGISTER



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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

RESIDENCE OF REV. CHARLES BROOKS
Father of the Normal School and Historian of Medford
High Street, West Medford.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXV. JUNE, 1922. No. 2.

MEDFORD RADIO—THE FOURTH R.

A YEAR ago the REGISTER (Vol. XXIV, p. 38) made mention of the "devil's fiddle" craze spread by the boys of fifty years before, which was the precursor of the telephone. We were then constrained to add a few words about the *wireless* telephone, quoting from the *Boston Transcript* (June 11) concerning the "wireless concerts" given on Wednesday evenings at Medford Hillside.

Mention also was made (Vol. XVIII, p. 77) of the erection of "Medford's sky-scraper," the radio tower.

Events follow each other in rapid succession and make history quickly in modern days. The little laboratory erected in 1916 has been twice enlarged, and a larger factory of most modern construction erected on College Avenue, where once was "Pansy park."

There is something doing every evening on the northern slope of old Walnut-tree hill, some years called College hill, but now widely known as "Amrad Station WGI of the American Radio and Research Corporation" at Medford Hillside.

The daily newspapers devote several columns to the subject of wireless telephoning, which has come to be styled *radio*, and which has a vocabulary of its own. For instance, the transmission of the words spoken into a receiver are from the top of the three-hundred-foot tower "broadcasted." Receiving outfits may be purchased at moderate price, or constructed by ingenious amateurs. All about the city we see evidences of these in the "an-

tennæ" strung from convenient chimney-tops, and the occupants of the dwelling "listen in."

The programs given for each evening in our local papers show a diversity of subjects from "Bed-time Stories" for children to "Today's Economic Situation" and "Good Government," while each evening has its musical selections, vocal and instrumental.

On Sunday evenings some clergyman there thus speaks to a larger audience than any church edifice could hold. As a matter of fact (March 12) the pastor of First M. E. Church, Medford, Rev. D. Harold Hickey, having preached on "The Jewel and Its Case" in the church, went with a portion of the choir and repeated the same. The requisite apparatus being installed in the church auditorium, the congregation taxing its capacity there heard sermon and music a second time. It was a fitting climax in that church's history of a hundred years.

But who of those whose educational advantages were limited to the three Rs, or lived before the advent of "Old Prob" (otherwise the Weather Bureau) could understand the following? —

> Amrad is broadcasting official weather reports from WGI. The broadcasting is on 485 meters, as required by the regulations and is preceded by music to enable listeners to tune in.

It is evident there is now a *fourth* R, brought largely about by a student of Tufts College. But it is a branch of education that Mr. Tufts, the owner of the old bleak hill, who said he would "put a light on it," little dreamed of.

We do not recall that any sermon by any Medford clergyman (or other) has been reproduced in our pages. Having listened to that of Memorial Sunday in Trinity Church, which was repeated that evening and broadcasted at WGI, the REGISTER is preserving it for the future, trusting that it will be read at the preacher's boyhood home in Old England, and by others in future days when those who on May 28 "listened in" may have forgotten.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS—BROADCASTED.

Substance of address by Maurice Luke Bullock, Minister of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, West Medford, broadcasted from the Amrad Station WGI of the American Radio and Research Corporation, Medford Hillside, Mass., Sunday evening, May 28, 1922.

A Nation's Memorial Day.

We are recognizing Memorial Day this year as being more significant than ever before. It is different from the other national holidays. No noise of guns and exciting fireworks, no demand for a safe and sane Memorial Day, but the emphasis is on reverence, honor and respect. The men and boys of the sixties have been honored through all the years on this day. And in recent years tens of thousands of new dead have been added to the lists, making the day more meaningful than ever.

We have new reasons for observing Memorial Day. The old veterans, to whom the day has always meant so much, have been passing away rapidly. The day was being given over increasingly to sports and diversions. But the new sacrifices on the fields of battle for the country have brought our people to a rededication of the day. No longer do we leave the loving task to the brave survivors of the Civil War. We still follow the Grand Army in the work of decorating the graves of our dead. But we see it now as a common privilege. This present generation with honor and reverence remembers those who have perished honorably for the sake of America.

The day with its duties is essentially patriotic. A higher appreciation of country must follow a fitting remembrance of the price paid in blood. Such a remembrance is vital for us who remain to carry on. The heart of the nation is softened, and sympathy and unselfishness are promoted. In such a spirit we can be thoughtful in our observance. We cannot think of it as a day of revelry and frolic in those thousands of homes where

there are vacant places. Nor can we believe that those who survived the tempests of battle will be anxious for mere pleasure on that day. It is a Holy Day, when we keep green the memory of those "whose tents on fame's eternal camping ground are spread," when we try to get into fellowship with the spirit that made those men and women heroes and patriots. Our civil liberty will never be safe if we forget them.

Memorial Day has a forward look. We cannot consider those who stood and fought victoriously without considering their successors through the years. The immortal Gettysburg speech voices this thought. There is an unfinished work, to which we must dedicate ourselves, and "from these honored dead we must take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion." That is the spirit in which we should observe Memorial Day. Proud as we are of our huge populations, our increasing wealth, our magnificent cities, our intellectual and scientific achievements, we must remember that if the nation is not bound together with a sincere piety she will perish. Memorial Day appeals to us for the development of all that is pure and good.

On Tuesday next we are challenged to prove ourselves as patriots who are worthy of the huge sacrifices made. We venture to say that the dead would, if they could, tell us that they died for a great cause. They did not die that we might permit liberty to degenerate into license, that we might indulge in class hatred, racial hatred, and forget the surging passion for American unity which impelled them to meet death. They did not die that we might live in riotous extravagance and mad pleasure, neglectful of the multitudes in sorrow and want at our doors. They did not die that we might develop laziness in our industries, neglect of worship, irreverence for the flag, and various red orgies of disloyalty. If on Memorial Day we stand reverently before the tomb of him who died at Saratoga or St. Mihiel, or

Gettysburg or in the Argonne, and in humility think of the sacrifice and ask why it was made, the answer will write itself on our hearts. We want to commemorate the day, so that its message of present duty, its call to homage, its promise of immortality, may lead us into a higher type of patriotism for the sake of God and country.

AT MEDFORD'S OLD CIVIC CENTER (Continued).

By Eliza M. Gill.

Referring to the former article in last Register, relating to the Watson house, John Usher should have been the *successor* of Joseph Barrel, Jr. The first word in third line of page 14 should have been omitted, making the reading thus — "as a counterbalance, also a Loyalist," etc. The Mrs. Wallace mentioned should be Mrs. *Savage.*

With these corrections we will leave the Watson house, with its notable memories, and speak of the house on Rural avenue, the residence of the late General Samuel C. Lawrence, who was Medford's first mayor. It was of more recent construction than others we have noted, and was built by Samuel Train for his daughter Rebecca, who married George Lemist.

While the Lemist family was there, the house was noted as being the social center for Medford's best families, and the writer recalls the complaint of one who said, "When the Lemists left Medford there was no society." Many fine parties were given in that house, and one has only to look over the pages of Blanchard the stable keeper's ledger to see how gay and select our old town was at one time. You will read there the names of well-known people who gave parties, those who attended them, and learn that Mr. Blanchard's patrons went in good style, in hacks or sleighs, as the seasons permitted. You will also learn who hired hacks to go to Boston to attend the theatre. There is wonderful reading between the lines of old diaries and account books.

Mr. Lemist sold to Mr. Flint, who afterward, residing there awhile, moved with his family to California.

The next owner and occupant was a bachelor who was *non compos mentis* and of peculiar ways. This Mr. May was a man of wealth, who never was seen in public unattended. He went regularly with his coachman to the services of the First Trinitarian Congregational Church. The young people, with more thought of fun than pity for his misfortune, called him "Smiling May," for he was accustomed to talk to himself, and indulged in facial contortions.

The age of the writer encompasses the time of the two latter occupants of this house.

The story of the house in our day called the Train house has been fully told in the REGISTER. Samuel Train was very fond of telling the story how one day he sat on the sidewalk of the Bigelow property, looked across the street and wished he might own the house he was gazing at. In 1828 his youthful wish was realized when he purchased the estate, and it was the home of the good deacon for forty-six years.

The house of Benjamin Hall, Sr., was inherited by his daughter Hepzibah, Mrs. Fitch, who sold it in 1833 to Dr. Daniel Swan for $5,000, "House, garden, orchard and a small piece of land in front by the river." The people of that period were careful, if they did not live in a ten-acre lot, to have a good view around them and ample space.

This house and one west from it, both now gone, were of the five Hall houses which faced the road to Woburn in the same sociable, neighborly way as three of them do today below Governors avenue.

The home of Dr. Swan, the beloved and benevolent physician, is remembered by many today. I attended the auction sale of the doctor's household goods with my mother, and noticing a very fine set of china, asked her to buy it, and was much disappointed that she did not. It was purchased by George Barr, who also bought

the Royall house, intending to make it his home, but gave up the project as it was not favored by his wife.

Our family had been patrons of Dr. Swan, and my mother was given a case containing many small glass vials filled with what seemed to be tiny sugar plums to us children. As they were not medicated no harm resulted to us by playing with them.

Nathaniel Hall, who lived in the Secomb house, had a later residence on his farm in the house now the farmhouse on the Lawrence estate. He was son of Willis Hall, and married Joanna Cotton Brooks. Their son, Peter Chardon Hall, married Ann Rose, daughter of Joseph and Ann Rose Swan, and lived on the old place.

My memory of this old house goes back to the time when I went there to visit my school friend, gentle Jennie Hall, who moved from Medford, and died early of consumption. There were several other daughters in this family. Little did I think then, as a young school girl, what interesting facts concerning this place were to come to me in later years. (REGISTER, Vol. XVI, p. 18.)

One house on the other side of the river we will give a little notice. The George L. Stearns house on the east side of Walnut-tree hill was, previous to 1827, the residence of James Hall. It was bought by Capt. John King who, about 1840, sold the place to Mr. Rae, whose daughter was a pupil at Miss Bradbury's private school. Mr. King's family moved to Touro avenue, and in this house, now standing, lived many years. There his daughter, Harriet Winslow King, was born, who married Dudley Cotton Hall.

Mr. Rae sold his property to his son, who in turn sold it to George L. Stearns. This latter owner developed it into a fine place, and it has been known as the Evergreens in recent years. Through its hospitable doors have passed many distinguished people, and we may count it as a place of high thinking. (REGISTER, Vol. XVI, p. 21).

MEDFORD MUNICIPAL PUBLICATIONS.

The earliest of such to be printed that comes under our notice is "Receipts and Expenditures" of the town for the year ending February 1, 1835, *i.e.*, for the preceding fiscal year. It was a thin pamphlet of twenty-four pages, including the list of tax payers, resident and non-resident being listed separately.

In later years were added brief reports of the various town officers, and recommendations made by them. At intervals the valuation list made by the assessors was included. A collection of these may be found in the Public Library. The issues of several years are grouped into one volume, and though at the time substantially bound, are in need of rebinding, owing to the deterioration of the leather.

Our first acquaintance with such Medford output was in the spring of 1871, when the constable left at our home the warrant for the annual town meeting—"March meeting" we called it then—accompanied by the "Town book," or reports of the preceding year of 1870. The town meeting was then thus "warned" at every dwelling within its limits.

Medford had then a population of 5,517, having more than doubled since 1838, when its first printed report was issued. The tax rate (1870) was $13.60 per thousand, there were 899 dwellings (61 being double), 1,480 ratable polls and 1,403 resident tax payers, including 747 who paid poll tax only, which was then $1.50.

In that issue, thirty-four pages covered the tax payers list, forty-six the financial statements. The reports of various departments fill nearly one hundred pages, and ask for an appropriation for 1871 of $88,468.56. Medford had the previous year built its water works. The town debt, exclusive of water bonds, was $59,000, funded over a period of nineteen years, with a balance in the treasury of $21,386.09, with $2,000 due from the state. The town's property was listed $150,596.48, the most valuable parcel being the high school house (*i.e.*, the

front section of present Centre school) and land, $25,000. One piece of property listed, the hearse, $400, the town or city no longer owns.

No person's name appears among the town officers as sexton, nor yet the title; there was then no "Cemetery Committee," the selectmen attended to such duty. They (that year) recommended the consolidation of the selectmen, highway supervisors, and overseers of the poor into one board of five members, instead of the former three boards of three, which was done, and so continued under the town government.

Receiving such a statement of town affairs certain days *before* the town-meeting day, citizens had opportunity, and thoughtful tax payers scrutinized the pages carefully, and came to town meeting prepared to discuss proposed measures, their need and cost, and vote accordingly. If, after consideration, work was intrusted to their execution, there was reasonable chance of its being done within the appropriation. Those were the days of actual cost, rather than "cost plus" of more recent date.

To the average reader the "town report" is rather dry reading matter, but to the citizen of average means, who by industry and thrift is striving for the ownership of a home and finds the present heavy taxation a burden, an examination of the account of public expenditure is of real interest.

Allusion has been made to the report of 1870. We have before us our entire lot for fifty years. They are not cast in one mold, though their pages are of uniform size. Some have details omitted by others; some reports are prolix, others very brief. A few have the records of town meetings. Some make especial note of some public enterprise to the neglect of other. For the year 1890 the book is of over six hundred pages, the valuation list occupying one-third. That year and the next the town had six voting precincts for elections, *the precursor of what was coming.* The census of 1890 gave 11,790 as Medford's population.

In 1885 a petition was presented to the General Court from inhabitants of West Medford, asking that a division of the town be made, and that the western portion be incorporated as a new town under the name of Brooks. Medford had *then* a population of 9,041. The petitioners at this hearing set forth "that they were opposed to a city form of government and desired separation in order to retain the management of their prudential affairs in the hands of the many, and not delegate all their rights and privileges to the control of a few." The hearings before the legislative committee, to whom it was referred, together with arguments of counsel, form interesting reading, published as it was in separate volumes, that of the petitioners 171 pages, that of the remonstrants 203. Five successive efforts were made toward this end in as many years without success. The fourth effort, that of 1888, came nearest success. Though a majority of the Committee on Towns reported leave to withdraw, a substitute report "to incorporate the town of Brooks" was lost by a yea and nay vote of 89 yea to 93 nay, with 10 votes paired on each.

The final effort of the petitioners in 1889 proved more ineffectual, the vote being 48 in favor, 109 against. This was the death knell of town government in Medford.

In those years the population of the whole town had increased almost to the *minimum* number requisite for a city charter, the census of 1890 enumerating 11,770. The "March meeting" of 1891 appointed a committee to consider the advisability of petitioning for such, which committee in November reported that its census taken showed the population to be 12,100, and recommended that a city charter be obtained.

Such petition to the General Court being granted at its session of 1892, its action was accepted at a special town meeting. It is somewhat significant of the good sense of those earlier petitioners, who foresaw danger in "delegating their rights and privileges to the few, that the charter was accepted October 6, 1892, by a

vote of 382 as against 342. The first election for city officers occurred December 13, 1892, and the first inauguration January 2, 1893.

The last "Town Book" was issued under the new city government and contains the inaugural address of Mayor Lawrence, 12 pages; the city charter, 24; and city organization, 6 pages. The tax list of 1892 covers 87 pages, and the various reports and financial statements bring the book to a total of 392. One thousand, six hundred and seventy-seven residents and 631 non-residents were assessed tax on property, while 2,350 were assessed poll tax only. The rate was $14.80, an excess of but 20 cents over the previous year. Two thousand, five hundred and eighty-three children were enrolled in the public schools. The net debt, including the water loan, $3\frac{14}{100}$ per cent of the total valuation; exclusive of water loan, $1\frac{27}{100}$ per cent.

It may be noticed that Medford's last year as a town was a short one — eleven months — and this book, unlike those before, could not get into the citizens' hands until after the new order began. But Medford had, by the narrow margin of *forty votes*, delegated its affairs to the *management of the few.*

It is not the purpose of the present writing to criticise the various administrations of public affairs and expense during the thirty years that have elapsed, but to call attention to these publications as of local history. We will, however, say that the 1920 volume was not ready for distribution until November, 1921.

Annually the reports for the year preceding have been issued, and citizens who were enough interested in the matter to apply to the auditor were furnished with a copy.

This latest report shows a tax rate of $29.80 per thousand, and 11,584 assessed polls. Of these 1,471 are exempt (but 51 being veterans of Civil War.) Five thousand, one hundred and eighty-five individual residents and 1,391 individual non-residents were assessed

on property. Eight thousand, one hundred and fifty-eight persons (and firms) assessed on property and 8,560 persons for poll tax only, the latter being $5.00. Population as found by assessors, April 1, 1920, 40,070. (At the present writing it is said to be 42,000.) We are told that the present enrollment of children in the schools is now 7,000 as against 6,378 in the report of 1920.

Some of these annuals have been embellished with portraits of the inaugural incumbent, and some department reports illustrated by maps and views of some engineering construction. A few views show features now obliterated and the improvement there made. Twenty-five reports, from as many departments, were addressed to the mayor and form the bulk of the latest published report, that of 1920. Three hundred copies of this book of 383 pages were printed.

Another publication, not included in those already mentioned, has been furnished to citizens on application — the Poll, or Ward Book, as some style it. It bears the title, "List of Persons in Medford Assessed a Poll Tax April 1" of the stated year. The names in each ward are given in alphabetical order of street, reading across the page, thus: "House Number, Name, Age, Occupation, Residence in Previous Year." The last issued under the above caption was that of 1920, 292 pages, and contained 10,667 names. The Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution caused a change in the form of the assessors' publication, which appeared in a separate book for each ward, with covers of differing color, entitled, "Persons Listed as Residents of Medford, April 1, 1921." It is said to contain nearly twenty-seven thousand names upon 728 pages. Three wards are each divided into two voting precincts, each is separately listed. As this listing begins at the age of twenty and is supposed to be correct at April 1, 1921, it will be seen that there is in the hands of our people (such as have it) a valuable directory of the city. It might be improved by a plain general map, showing ward and precinct lines,

and some method of showing the direction in which street numbers run.

Never before has there been so accurate an enumeration of Medford's people made available. For instance, a family residing at number —, —— street, consists of the father, whose occupation is ——. The mother is listed as housewife, but a distinction is found in some cases where some woman is the housekeeper. The young people of each household are there listed according to occupation, and older women "at home." To the names of some elderly men residing with a son the former occupation is given, and in some cases as "retired." In a few cases no occupation is given, though such are rare; the writer, after a residence in Medford of over fifty-two years, finds himself thus distinguished. No material criticism was made in the matter of the age item until the recent listing. Probably that is in the main correct, but there are exceptions.

Assuming 42,000 to be Medford's present population, with 27,000 above twenty years listed thus, and 7,000 enrolled in the schools, leaves 8,000 made up of children under five years, and young people under twenty not in public school. As yet we are not informed what proportion this latter class bears to the former. It is one, however, that will next year, in part, pass over into the listed residents to increase the 27,000 and be a part of the voting factor for good or for ill. The question naturally arises, "Which will it be?" What do those of the annually recurring recruits to the voting list know of the city's affairs and needs, or of the qualifications for service of those for whom they vote?

Delegated to the few, are the city's business affairs placed in competent hands by the popular vote? Again it may well be asked, "How many of the electorate of Medford are enough concerned for its welfare to acquaint themselves with its affairs and their administration, but leave it to the other fellow? How many ever see the city's annual printed reports, or read its pages and form

any intelligent idea of the how and why of the rate and amount of the tax bill they grumble about, and finally with sacrificing effort pay?"

We have alluded to the report for 1870 and its distribution to every dwelling in town. There were probably 1,000 copies printed, and the month that intervened between the close of the fiscal year and the warning of town meeting sufficed for the making up of reports, printing and delivery. The "oppressed laborers" of that time worked ten hours daily, six days in a week, and the business men, their employers, probably more hours, but both classes found time to inform themselves, for the government was then "in the hands of the many," and the voters were the appropriating power.

How is it today? At present writing some departments' reports have not reached the chief executive, and none as yet are ready for public distribution. For 1920 300 copies only were printed, at a cost to our tax payers of $1,688, or $5.63 per copy, and now, after more than eight months, only a little over half have been taken by the citizens. And who are *these* citizens? We answer, "Those who are interested enough to go to the auditor's office and ask for the book." We are told that copies taken were by the older citizens, long resident in Medford and farthest removed from Medford square. And what are our citizens but members of a business corporation whose reported annual expenditure is upward of three million dollars and whose future is mortgaged heavily?

A REMEMBRANCE.

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house.—*Matthew 13 : 57.*

We are reminded of this trite saying by the receipt of the following letter, which explains itself. The token itself is unique and its presentation after the lapse of sixty years equally so.

SEAL OF CITY OF MEDFORD

CHARLES A. WINSLOW
CITY CLERK

City of Medford
Massachusetts

OFFICE OF
CITY CLERK

July 20, 1922.

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
GOVERNORS AVENUE
MEDFORD, MASS.

Gentlemen: —

In accordance with the conversation which I had with your representative, Mr. Moses W. Mann, a few days ago, I enclose herewith a little gift to the city of Medford from the Misses Tompkins, of 84 Hixon Place, South Orange, New Jersey.

To me it seems fitting that the token should be filed with your society in memory of George Luther Stearns, and the same is handed to you herewith, for such disposition and exposition as your society may deem advisable.

Yours very truly,

SEAL

[Signed] CHARLES A. WINSLOW
City Clerk.

The little "token" named is an exquisite little painting only $\frac{11}{16}$ x $1\frac{5}{16}$ inches in size, fastened to the top of a $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $3\frac{3}{4}$ inch page of fine linen paper by four stitches in its corners, the ends of the thread tasselled. Beneath it is the following legend, written in a very fine but distinct hand: —

THE AUTUMN OAK TREES,
designed and painted
by
ABIGAIL BROWN TOMPKINS
1921.

To the Town of Medford, Mass., in memory of George Luther Stearns, your renowned townsman who was born at Medford, January 8, 1809. Presented with the good wishes of Miss Abigail Brown Tompkins and Miss Emma Louise Tompkins, descendants of founders of the City of Newark, New Jersey, in 1666.

SOUTH ORANGE, New Jersey, December 19, 1921.

Our versatile and estimable city clerk being in some doubt as to its best disposition, consulted with the curator of the Historical Society, and after acknowledging its receipt with thanks, sent the same, with his letter of explanation above quoted, to the Society. In the meantime our former secretary, Miss Eliza Gill, wrote to the ladies relative thereto, who reply in part: —

> We cannot give you any further information concerning your patriotic townsman. We only know what we have read. We feel with you that some public memorial to his memory should be commemorated by the people of Medford. Such patriotism as he displayed during the Civil War certainly should be known to the present generation and that of the future. We would be pleased to receive any facts about old Medford.

So here is a recognition of the estimable worth of a Medford man by entire strangers in another state, their only knowledge of him acquired perhaps by only casual reading. Yet right here in Medford are people today who ask, "Who was George Luther Stearns?" for few of our younger people know of our local history and perhaps care less.

As shown above, his boyhood was spent in the old town of over a century ago. It was sadly affected by the death of his father, when the boy was but eleven years of age, and after but three years more in school he began work in a Boston store. Arriving at manhood he entered into business. "Wealth honorably earned flowed into his hands," and he used it for the helping of his fellow men, notably the oppressed and the slave. His beautiful home, later known as "The Evergreens," was a way-station of the "underground railroad," and the resort of philanthropists and friends of freedom, one of whom was John Brown.

At first sight, the dainty little picture might be taken for a view of this Stearns home. It shows a stream in the foreground where would be College avenue, a large house (with similar roof) surrounded by trees in autumnal foliage, while in the distance are two lofty hills as is our

College hill. It is finely executed by a lady probably of advanced years and patriotic thought, who cherishes the memory of her ancestors.

One of our townswomen (who also writes in this issue of the Stearns mansion) also wrote "Lest we forget what the country and our state owes to this man, of whom we ought to be proud as being a citizen of Medford," also quoted the words of Whittier, written of him: —

> He forgot his own soul for others,
> Himself to his neighbors lending,
> He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
> And not in the clouds descending.

To such as really wish an answer to their query, "Who was Stearns?" we suggest the reading of his biography, which may be found in the Usher "History of Medford."

The little "token" sent by the New Jersey lady will, with her letters and the missive of our city clerk, be duly displayed in the Historical Rooms. It shows an appreciation of patriotic service and philanthropic spirit, and that "a prophet is not without honor." And so, in acknowledgment, we say of this stranger that sent it, that "this which this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

THE HISTORIAN'S HOME.

Our illustration shows the home of Rev. Charles Brooks, where the "History of Medford" was written and much of his literary work was done. It was not his birthplace. He was born in the older house just below it facing eastward on old Woburn street, the story of which has been told in Vol. XVI, p. 69, of the REGISTER, by the present occupant, Mrs. Ellen Newton Brooks. It is said to have been the home of his uncle Isaac Brooks (who died in 1819), and sold by his widow. The historian's father, Jonathan, purchased it, and made it his home until his death in 1847, when his son Charles, and daughter Lucy Ann Brooks, succeeded in its occupancy.

Rev. Charles passed away in 1872 and Miss Lucy Ann many years later.

It is a fine example of the type of New England dwellings of the better class of the early nineteenth century, and succeeded that of Deacon Bradshaw, which was probably like Medford's oldest, the Bradbury-Blanchard-Wellington house at Wellington. The central or main portion has end walls of brick, not carried above the roof, but covered by it but with no projecting cornice. The front is somewhat elaborate in detail, though the projecting roof over the main entrance may be of later construction. The eastern wing is very long, perhaps once enlarged, and overlaps the rear corner but little. A small porch shelters its entrance door, the round pillars of which supported the gallery of the third meeting-house, which was built in 1770. As that was taken down in 1839, the porch or possible addition would be of later date. There is also a western wing (also well back) of later erection. Both these adjoin an extension in the rear of the central or main building, only the shape of the roof being visible from the street, making a structure over a hundred feet in length, as well as over a hundred years old.

At its erection it commanded a view of wide expanse, and its land extended westward some three hundred feet, while an equal amount (or more) of land lay opposite on High street. Through these areas, in very recent years, have been built Wolcott and other streets and numerous residences.

To this house came, in 1893, the widow of Isaac Austin Brooks (cousin of the historian), Mrs. Sarah Warner Brooks, who spent there the remainder of her life. An account of her may be found in "Medford Past and Present," page 45. She was author of "A Garden with a House Attached," which may be found in the Public Library. Its first chapter has a graphic description of the various walks and paths of the extensive grounds, and mentions the trees of various kinds, many of which

were early planted by the historian and cheered his declining days. In several illustrations she is seen among her favorite flowers. She gave to the place the name "The Lilacs," and appropriately, because of their profusion. Beautifully tender allusions to the "lady of the wheel-chair" run through the volume, referring to Miss Lucy Ann, who in her last years thus visited her familiar home scenes.

Some years ago the enclosing fence was removed. The gate, however, was swung back, and the lilacs have sprung up before it, as if to forbid its closing.

Mrs. Brooks' son Edward recently passed on, and the big "mansion" may not remain many years. We have thought it well to thus show and mention it ere it shall be no more.

A HOME-COMER'S OPINION, 1871.

A former resident of Medford, Caleb Swan, while on a visit to his "brother doctor," went to Oak Grove Cemetery. On his return to his home in New York, he attached the following to page 429 of his copy of "Brooks' History of Medford" and marked the margin against the matter of tree removal: —

> One of the first things done by the committee was to cut down the grand, noble, old oak tree on an eminence near the grave of Mr. Jonathan Brooks. When I first saw it, June 6, 1866, I stood nearly ten minutes looking at it with admiration: it had noble large branches and was probably two or three centuries old. I enquired the names of the Cemetery Committee and was informed they were Mr. Goldthwaite, Chairman, J. W. Mitchell, Mr. Vinal. They might be called a Goth & Vandal Committee.
>
> C. S., 1871.

Mr. Swan never lost interest in his boyhood's home, and, on publication, purchased five copies of the history, four of which he gave to friends and relatives less favored than himself, while an older brother did likewise with ten. The copy he reserved for his own use was seven-

teen years ago given to the Historical Society by his grandson, Charles Herbert Swan, recently deceased.

In passing along Salem street we cannot but wonder what Caleb Swan would say were he to visit where

> "Each in his narrow cell forever laid
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

and with them his parents and kindred. The removal of *one* "grand, noble old oak tree" which he first saw on a visit but few years before in the then new place of sepulture, he would have considered a smaller matter as compared with the removal of nearly every tree (one four feet in diameter) and the temporary removal of many ancient gravestones in our oldest burial ground. It is now a little over a century since Medford's second burial place was opened and this early one less used. The large poplar tree probably grew during less than that time, but doubtless exceeded in size the slower grown oak that Mr. Swan felt it was vandalism to remove.

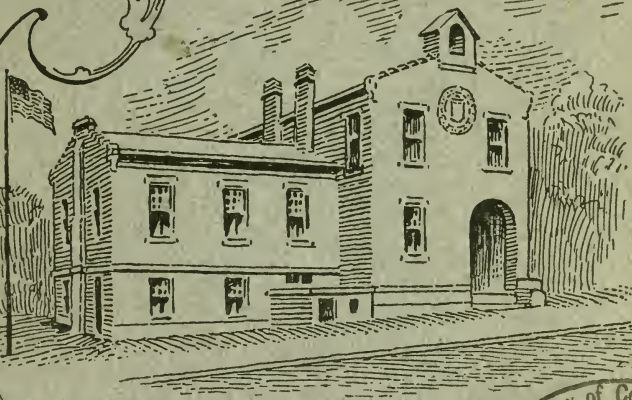
To some residents of today the sight of our ancient burial ground during the recent "improvement" came with a shock. Remembering the ice storm of last December and its resultant damage, such can only console themselves with the thought that perhaps the present committee have acted wisely, and refrain from the epithet used by Mr. Swan, and quote again from the immortal elegy —

> "Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
> Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
> With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
> Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

Remembering that in some time long past the highways have been crowded upon this ground so that the daily pedestrian travel of Salem street is over *sixteen* tombs and that of River street over *twelve* more, it is to be hoped that no further "improvement" of the kind is to be permitted.

Vol. XXV.] [No. 3.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



September, 1922

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F.H.C.W.

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

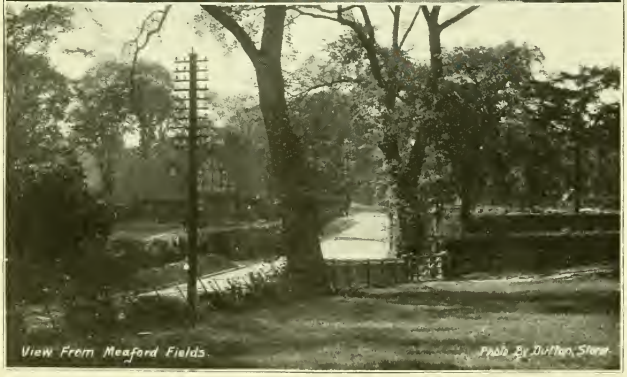
I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

The Canal At Meaford.
Photo By Dutton, Stone.

Photo. Dutton Stone


View From Meaford Fields.
Photo By Dutton, Stone.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXV. SEPTEMBER, 1922. NO. 3.

FROM MEDFORD OVERSEA

We are presenting in this issue an extract from the diary of Medford's first historian, which deals with the naming of Medford in more detail than is given in the printed records of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where he made the statement. The REGISTER has before alluded to this subject in Vol. XXII, p. 21.

With the hope that something more might be learned, the editor addressed (December 25, 1920) a letter to the "Mayor of Meaford, Staffordshire, England," and somewhat later another to "Staffordshire County Council." Reply to the *latter* appeared in Vol. XXIV, p. 71. Accompanying the letter of the Council's clerk were the three excellent views shown in our *present* illustration. Soon after its publication we received a reply to our *earlier* letter, which we present for careful reading: —

20 KINGS AVENUE, STONE,
STAFFORDSHIRE.
Feb. 26, 1922.

DEAR MR. MANN,

On Christmas Day, 1920, you wrote to the chairman of the Urban District Council of Stone (there is no mayor as the town has never received a charter) asking for information about the hamlet of Meaford near Stone which you thought was the origin of your town name of Medford.

Mr. Davis, the chairman, handed on your letter to me.

I have made extensive inquiries about the Matthew Craddock who (your brochure says) founded the Colony of Medford in 1628. There were two Matthew Craddocks living at the same time, Members of Parliament. They were first cousins; one was Member of Parliament for Stafford, the other for London. It was the London

M. P. who undoubtedly founded the colony in Massachusetts. There is so far no difficulty. But the real difficulty is that no possible connection can be traced between the Craddocks and the seat of Meaford at the time the colony was founded, nor indeed until a hundred years later. I have not seen the birth of this Matthew Craddock (he died in 1641, just before the beginning of the Civil War) but if he called his colony on the Mistick River "Metford" I do not think he could have called it after his country seat in Staffordshire for the simple reason that the Craddocks there cannot be proved to have been associated with Meaford at all. *Perhaps* they were, but most Staffordshire historians think not. Perhaps Matthew Craddock was a friend of the man who lived at Meaford — he himself lived at Caverswall about ten miles off and he named his colony after his friend's estate.

But the name Meaford is such a common one that it is difficult to say which Medford, England, M. C. named his colony after.

In the English Colonial Papers, there are copies of letters about the founding of his colony, but no name is given to the colony. He was a bigoted Roundhead and a stiff-necked antagonist of Charles I; he had the true spirit of many of the "Pilgrim Fathers," I should think.

I admire him for opposing Charles I. I enclose you letters from the proprietors at Meaford now, the lineal descendants of Matthew Craddock.

The connection with Meaford before 1735 can not be proved. Perhaps you could give me some more information on that subject. With very kind regards,

Ever yours,

MARK HUGHES, B. A.

(Author of the "Story of Staffordshire" "Tales and Legends of the Midland Counties," etc.)

It thus appears that our inquiries have created interest among "Staffordshire historians," and their search reveals the fact of there being *two* (contemporary) Matthew Cradocks, *both* Members of Parliament. Our thanks are certainly due to them and to the present proprietor of Meaford (whose letters to Historian Hughes follow), who carefully copied the inscription in Caverswall church.

Feb. 10th.

DEAR MR. HUGHES —

Since I saw you the other night I have been hunting up the Cradocks. I find as I thought that they are related to us through

the *Parkers* . . not the *Jervis'*. I find that on Nov. 28th, 1735, John Hawe of Walsall married Mary Cradock. They had a daughter Mary who married in 1764, Thomas Hawe Parker of Park Hall. This Thomas Parker left his Park Hall estate to *his nephew*, my *grandfather* the Hon^ble^ E. S. Parker Jervis, and it now belongs to my brother. We also still own the old property of the Hawes Solihull near Warwick. I have found a curious old sampler worked by this Mary Cradock in 1722, and we have a beautiful portrait of their daughter Mary, painted by one Saunders. I also find in Erdeswick that Matthew Cradock purchased Carswall or Caverswall Castle from Lord Huntingdon some time previous to 1655, so I think it probable that the Cradocks at Caverswall and the Parkers at Park Hall were near neighbors and friends.

I cannot find any connection with *Meaford* nearer than this. Will you please tell me what you found at the Will^m^ Salt library and if your information at all tallies with mine, and in the meantime I will look round for more "relics." It is all so very interesting. Yours sincerely,

E. M. Parker Jervis.

Dear Mr. Hughes—

I send you today a Copy of an inscription on a *Cradock tomb* at Caverswall. Also a Copy of the *Sampler* worked by *Mary Cradock*. Also the *Pedigree* as I make it out to be. All these things will I think interest your correspondent in America. *But* all these things do not explain to me why they called their town Metford in or about *1630*, when their connection with this place and family did not date till *1735*, a hundred years later. I cannot yet trace any connection at so early a date.

Yours sincerely,

E. M. Parker Jervis.

P.S. I notice that this George Cradock married a *Saunders*, and our picture here a hundred years later is also painted by a Saunders, which is curious.

Feb. 19th.

Dear Mr. Hughes.

I believe I may have solved the difficulty about "Medford." I had an idea that we must look for the *former* owners of this property and I knew that "the Jervis' bought it from an old family of the name of *Short* about the beginning of Charles II reign." Yesterday I went to the William Salt Library to hunt up the Shorts, and after a terrible long hunt we found that a family of the name of *Short* lived at Ashley, also a Cradock lived there in the Commonwealth.

"*Thomas Short of Ashley had a son Edward, who married Miss Cradock, dau. of* ——— *Cradock of Hungersheath.* [Hungersheath is a bit of waste land adjacent to Ashley. I think the name has died out of present day maps.] *They had a son Edward Short of Mayford in 1663.*"

This I think proves the connection between the *Shorts* of *Meaford* and the *Cradocks.* We must have bought Mayford from this Edward Short soon after 1663. There are Short monuments at Lichfield.

Yours Sincerely,

E. M. Parker Jervis.

Evidently there is yet much to learn about the "father of our Medford," but it would appear from the third (Jervis) letter that the "difficulties" referred to by Historian Hughes are, in a measure, cleared up.

What may yet be learned we leave to future issues of the REGISTER, and present the following: —

COPY OF INSCRIPTION AT CAVERSWALL CHURCH

"George Cradock Esqre

(for his great Providence in the Common laws well worthy named Beau Clarke of ye Assizes for this Circuit) did take to wife ye most amiable & most loving Dorothy ye daughter of John Saunders Doctor of Physicke by whom he had a Pair Royal of incomparable Daughters — to wit

Dorothy, Elizabeth and Mary

It is easier to guesse that he lived in a splendid Degree if I shall but recount to you that

Sir Thos. Slingsly Bt. The Rt. Hon. Robt Lord Cholmondely Sir John Bridgeman	married	Dorothy Elizabeth Mary

But! but! to our grief George Cradock is assaulted by death in ye meridian of his age not far off from his Castle of Caverswall (lately built even to beauty) by Matthew Cradock Esqre who was interred in this place. And dying of small pox ye 16th of April 1643 betooke himself to the private mansion of this Tombe erected for him at the cost of Dorothy his obsequious wife, where he now rests under the Protection of an Essoine until he be summoned to appear at the last great and general Assizes.

COPY OF OLD SAMPLER WORKED BY MARY CRADOCK

(now framed at Meaford)

[Alphabet is here worked twice in capitals and small letters]

"O all ye nations of the world praise ye the Lord alwayes — and all ye people everywhere set forth his noble praise: For great his kindness is to us. His truth does not decay. Wherefore praise ye the Lord our God. Praise ye the Lord alway."

Mary Cradock her work made in the year of our Lord 1722.

WHY MEDFORD?

Resulting from a search for other matters, Mr. John Albree writes us: —

"Incidentally I came across a reference to the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which I copied the record and enclose it herein. His theory seems plausible at least, and is new to me. It may be that it has sufficient novelty for the REGISTER."

[*From proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society, Meeting of July, 1858.*]

"Mr. Brooks offered some remarks on the origin of the name of the town of Medford, tracing it through the Cradock family— the original owners of the plantation on the Mystic river — to the manor of Metford in Staffordshire in England, also owned by the same family.

"The change from Metford to Medford, Mr. Brooks said, could not be explained. The name was written in different ways in the town records, but, since 1715, was invariably spelt as at present time."

EXTRACT FROM DIARY OF REV. CHARLES BROOKS, MEDFORD

July 15th, 1858. Today I met with the Mass. Hist. Soc'y and gave an account of the origin of the name of Medford. Perhaps it will not be misplaced, if recorded here. For substance I stated as follows: —

After three years search in England I have received some facts from Mr. Somerby, which together with some in my possession, seem to settle the question.

Mathew Cradock, first Governor of the "Massachusetts Bay in New England," owned several separate parcels of land in Staffordshire, England. On one of these he used to reside for a few weeks in summer. He called it his "Manor of Metford." This name seems to have given place to that of "Mayford," now used to designate that locality.

Of the four ships, which came with Governor Winthrop in 1630, two, the *Ambrose* and *Jewel*, were owned by Governor Cradock. His farmers, shipwrights and fishermen came in them, and some of these men doubtless from his "Manor of Metford". When a name was needed for their new home on the banks of the Mystic, how natural it was to propose that of "Metford"; thus giving them something of home familiarity in the wilderness, besides being a graceful tribute to the Governor, their employer and friend.

That the name thus proposed was adopted, is proved from the fact that the large grant of land, made to Governor Cradock by the General Court, March 4, 1634, was called by the Cradock family "Our Manor of Metford *in New England*", thus being in contra-distinction to the "Manor of Metford" *in Staffordshire*.

That the laborers, sent by Governor Cradock, should not have known exactly how to spell the name they had brought with them and had given to their American home is not strange; and as there were very few occasions for writing it the true orthography was left, as in several other cases, to chance. That chance, or something worse, had much to do in this matter, is proved by the fact that uniformity in spelling the name did not obtain till 1715, eighty-five years after the first settlement!

In the early records it was variously spelled and probably according to the different methods of pronouncing the name. The early leasing and sale of these lands confirm the above suppositions.

March 1, 1644 (the year in which Governor Cradock died) his widow rents half of her "Manor in Metford in New England" to Edward Collins; thus indicating a distinction between the two "Manors".

June 2, 1652, after the death of the widow, the heirs of Governor Cradock give a quitclaim deed of said land to Ed. Collins; and in that instrument it is called "Meadford in New England"; thus indicating a variation of the name from "Metford" in Staffordshire. The Cradock family adopt the American orthography, because their "deed" was to take effect and be recorded here.

Both of these facts thus mutually confirm the supposition that it was first called "Metford" by Governor Cradock's men, after "Metford" in Staffordshire, but suffered orthographical manglings in its Americanization.

Why it came to assume its present form I cannot discover. It is spelled in three different ways in the town records up to 1715, after which date it is uniformly written "Medford".

THE HISTORIAN'S HOME COMING

The illustration in our last issue (The Historian's Home) has been subject of some favorable comment, and was especially welcome to a non-resident member, who in her childhood days lived near by and remembers it and its occupants well. But there arises a question of accuracy of statement that there the history of Medford (published in 1855) was written, as witness the reply of Mr. John Albree to our later inquiry.

You asked me when Mr. Brooks moved to Medford for good. As I was looking this up with other things, I found the exact date, March 3, 1856. He, with his wife, had been living for some time at the Larkin's, 21 Somerset street, Boston, and had become tired of that kind of existence. His sister Elizabeth had died the preceding November, and Miss Lucy Ann was at the old house almost alone. Mr. Brooks' daughter apparently spent much time there, however. So the arrangement was made that Mr. and Mrs. Brooks move into the old home, "to go no more out." Mr. Alfred Brooks, his brother, made this his headquarters, though he was somewhat of a traveller.

Mr. Usher in his brief memoir is silent regarding Mr. Brooks' return to his native home on retiring from active life. For six years prior to 1853 Mr. Brooks' name appears in the *Boston Directory* as of 12 Bedford street, in '53 at 111 Washington street; in '54 and '55 at 21 Bromfield street, (in the three latter years) "house at Medford." After '55 his name does not appear therein, and it seems probable that the addresses of '53–'54–'55 were those of his office there. But whether resident or not, he was certainly present (by his own testimony) at the old home on that fateful day of the tornado of August, 1851. He was requested by the citizens to gather facts relating thereto, which he did, and published a little later. He was in his sixty-first year when he came back to the old home "to go no more out." His had been an eventful and busy life. He had just completed his history of his native town, a work of considerable magnitude. Prior to 1840, local or town histories in New England were but few (only

about thirty-five) and these were rarely more than sixty pages. Mr. Brooks' work was of nearly six hundred pages, and doubtless was an incentive to others in the years soon following. He labored under the disadvantage of an utter absence of any local public records whatever prior to 1674, and supposed such to have been made but lost. We of today are strongly inclined to the belief that nothing can be lost which was not possessed. He was an enthusiast in what pertained to his native town, and though such quality sometimes led him in his historical work to claim more for Medford than could be proved, it is still a good quality to have. Medford of today would be better if there was more of the same optimistic spirit in evidence.

AS OTHERS TOLD IT

Over forty years ago a commendable effort was made for the preservation of one of Medford's old houses. People were then under the impression that it dated back to Medford's first settlement and erected at the instance of Matthew Cradock, "Father of our Medford." A very readable article appeared at that time in the *Medford Mercury*, the beginning of which we quote:—

Apropos of the discussion in regard to the saving of the ancient Cradock Mansion, something about the history of its builder and master is highly appropriate. Matthew Cradock was the father of Medford, and it is time that his many children were posted as to his origin and life. But it is a great undertaking to unearth the facts. It takes patient delving among old records, faithful reading of musty manuscripts, tedious correspondence with grouty old Englishmen, and, after that, a good deal of ready imagination to fill up the cracks and crevices, to weave even so incomplete a record as we are able to present here. Presuming, however, that our readers will accept a lunch in view of our inability to give them a dinner, we publish the facts already in our hands. The genealogy of Matthew Cradock has been traced back to 1446, and furthest back is spelled Caradoc.

In 1446 John Cradock married Jane Dorrington. They had a

son John, who had a son Richard, who in turn had a son Thomas, who had a son Thomas, who had a son William, and William Cradock was the father of Matthew Cradock, "Medford's founder and first friend," as the author of Brooks' History reverently expresses it.

* * * * *

Here we depend upon another source for our information, finding that our Cradock inherited property and built a new house at Caverswall, Staffordshire. One or two miles from Stone, Staffordshire, and seven from Caverswall is a hamlet spelled Mayford, Mearford and

FORMERLY METFORD

Being so near to Metford it is possible that he had an estate there, and that there the name of this town originated. The deeds of Cradock's wife and daughter relate to lands in Medford, Massachusetts, and the property is described as "in our manor in Metford in New England." Sir William de Caverswall built a castle at Caverswall in 1275. It fell into a ruinous condition, and according to some authorities, was rebuilt in 1643 by Matthew Cradock—others say by William Cradock. It is of unpretending character, with a massive tower, in imitation of a medieval castle, with a moat wall, buttresses and turrets. This is on the tomb of William de Caverswall:

> Will of Carswall, here lye I,
> That built this castle and pooles hereby.

Underneath it has been written:

> William of Carswell, here thou mayst lye,
> But thy castle is down and thy pooles are drye.

Who the author of the *Mercury* article of August, 6, '81, was, it is now impossible to ascertain, nor yet the "another source" from which he drew his information. Perhaps it may have been the "ready imagination" there confessed. But it is evident that various writers have all along confused the Matthew Cradock, the original proprietor of Medford, Massachusetts, M. P. from London, with his cousin Matthew Cradock (a contemporary M. P. for Stafford, the "stiff-necked antagonist of Charles I,") of Caverswall. It will be noted (on p. 43) that our correspondent says "the name Meaford is such a common one," which indicates that though some other Meaford or Metford may have been in the governor's mind, yet he may have "named his colony after his friend's estate."

We had arranged for the presentation of the three views of Meaford in this issue of the REGISTER (see also Vol. XXIV, No. 4) as illustrative of Medford, England, from which Medford, Massachusetts, got its name. If later search proves otherwise, we will be consoled in having made the effort, and are pleased to present these pleasing views of scenes in Old England.

We are also pleased to present the interesting letters of Historian Hughes and of the present lineal descendant of another Matthew Cradock, owner of Meaford Hall. It is apparent that *they* are not "grouty old Englishmen," but find "It is all so very interesting."

MEDFORD SHIP BUILDING NOTES

The Brooks History of Medford gave a (presumably) complete list of five hundred and thirteen Medford-built vessels, including the year 1854. Mr. Usher in his later work (1886) gave the names of twenty-four builders of five hundred and sixty-four vessels of all styles, but gave no names of owners, style or tonnage.

Prior, however, to his publication there appeared in the *Mercury* of April 1, 1882, the following, which is also presumably correct, though it lacks the owners' names.

Built by James O. Curtis: —

1855	Barque	Young Greek	500 tons
,,	Ship	Conquest	1100 ,,
1856	,,	Silver Star	1200 ,,
,,	,,	Flying Mist	1200 ,,
,,	,,	Bold Hunter	900 ,,
,,	Barque	Young Turk	350 ,,
1857	Ship	Bunker Hill	1000 ,,
,,	Barque	Lizzie	500 ,,
,,	,,	Wild Gazelle	480 ,,
1858	Ship	Nautilus	550 ,,
,,	Barque	Curib	212 ,,
,,	Ship	Industry	1080 ,,
1859	Barque	Mary Edson	368 ,,

1859	Steamship	Cambridge	900 tons
1860	Barque	Rebecca Goddard	475 ,,
,,	Ship	Mermaid	500 ,,
,,	Steamer	Young Rover	417 ,,
1861	Ship	Cutwater	850 ,,
1862	,,	Somersetshire	1035 ,,
,,	Barque	Pearl	500 ,,
,,	Steamship	D. C. Molay	1300 ,,
1863	Ship	Nesutan	826 ,,
1864	Steamship	Fall River	932 ,,
1865	Ship	Horatio Harris	1100 ,,
1866	Brig	Nelly Hastings	550 ,,
1867	Barque	John Worster	600 ,,
1868	Ship	Springfield	1000 ,,
1869	,,	Cashmere	900 ,,

Built by Joshua T. Foster: —

1855	Ship	Pleiades	600 tons
,,	,,	Luecothea	950 ,,
1856	,,	Addie Snow	1000 ,,
,,	,,	Hesperus	1020 ,,
1858	,,	Templar	800 ,,
1859	,,	Mogule	800 ,,
1860	,,	Matilda	875 ,,
,,	,,	Punjaub	760 ,,
,,	Barque	Mogul	500 ,,
1861	Ship	Quisnell	1012 ,,
1862	,,	Agra	875 ,,
,,	,,	Tangore	916 ,,
1863	,,	Nepaul	925 ,,
,,	,,	Cosamundal	600 ,,
,,	,,	Eastern Belle	1030 ,,
1867	,,	Mistic Belle	755 ,,
1868	,,	Don Quixote	1174 ,,
1869	,,	J. T. Foster	1207 ,,
1873	,,	Pilgrim	650 ,,

Built by Hayden & Cudworth: —

1855	Barque	Zephyr	40 tons
,,	Ship	Rival	
,,	,,	Electric Spark	1200 ,,
,,	,,	Goddess	280 ,,
,,	,,	Thatcher Magoun	1200 ,,
,,	,,	Goodspeed	280 ,,
,,	Barque	Captain Paine	512 ,,
1866	Ship	Henry Hastings	

Enumerated in the earlier list of five hundred and thirteen was one not named and "not sold." Adding the fifty-five above listed gives a total of five hundred and sixty-eight, or four more than the total given by Usher (page 427). The queries arise, what was the name given the one "not sold," built by Captain Foster? Assuming the Usher totals correct, what the names of those four, and who the owners?

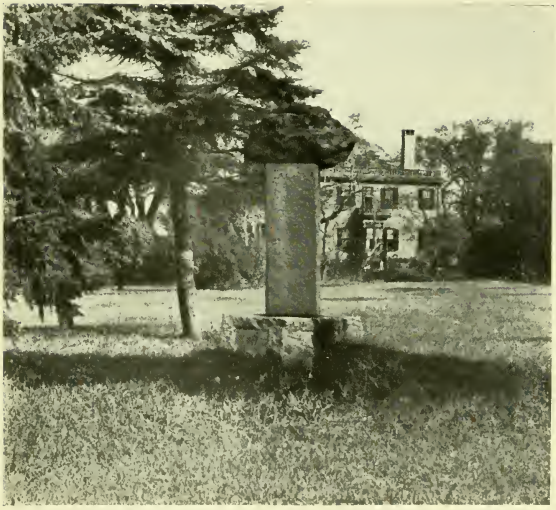
From the names given we might infer that some were built for the East India trade.

The "half models" of six are preserved in the Historical building. One of these is that of the Avon, built in the short time of twenty-six days — a privateer in 1815. Another reminder of the vanished industry is the rigged model of the "Syren" (see REGISTER, Vol. XXII, p. 76) and a photograph of the same lying at wharf. Besides these we have the framed photo of the "Ellen Brooks," and a faded photo of the steamship "Cambridge," of the above list. The last ship built in Medford was by Captain Foster in 1873, and Mr. Woolley's excellent water-color is also framed and hangs in the society's assembly hall, and the artist's story of the launching and brief history of the "Pilgrim" in Vol. XVI, p. 71, of the REGISTER. Also in Vol. XXI, No. 1, may be found the view of the wreck, and story of the "Living Age." Further than these there is little to tell us of Medford's once famous industry.

THE MEDFORD INDIAN MONUMENT

On page 60, Vol. XXIV, the REGISTER had a "Tercentenary Note" alluding to the first recorded visit of white men to what became Medford.

They were Captain Myles Standish and eight of the Plymouth pilgrims. The present writing is of one of the places they visited, upon which in more recent years a monument was erected, which has been desecrated and seems in danger of ultimate destruction.



INDIAN MONUMENT AT WEST MEDFORD

In 1659, one Thomas Brooks of Concord, with his son-in-law, Timothy Wheeler, purchased of Edward Collins four hundred acres of land, being the western end of the Cradock farm, bordered by Mystic river and ponds. Thomas Brooks never came to live on his purchase but his sons did, and theirs also in later years, and some do still.

A road from Cambridge to Woburn lay through this tract, and another to the "weare" or fishing place became in time the continuation of High street. On this four hundred acres there was at least one dwelling, to which one of the sons came in 1679, which housed several generations for just a century, when his grandson had it torn down. Twenty years more, and the old waterway, the Middlesex canal, was cut through its site across the highway and through the farm then in possession of Peter Chardon Brooks. He began in 1802 to erect back from the old way, fittingly called Grove street, a mansion house befitting his means — he was the merchant prince of New England. It took four years for its completion, and meanwhile the canal was finished and in operation, thus dividing his farm into two parts, the farm buildings on one and the new and stately dwelling on the other.

The canal proprietors were obliged to build and maintain an "accommodation" bridge in such cases, which they did. After some twenty years, Mr. Brooks replaced their plain wooden bridge with one of dressed stone, a beautiful elliptic arch of Chelmsford granite, which was in keeping with his well-kept grounds that were a place of beauty. Through these passed the leisurely travel and traffic of a century ago, when people had not the feverish haste of the locomotive engine.

In 1852 the canal ceased operation. Its location was either purchased by or reverted to the former owners, and in some places it was obliterated. But Mr. Edward Brooks was in no hurry to remove the graceful arch. Perhaps he respected the wish of his kinsman, the his-

torian, who in 1855 wrote: "we truly hope that this picturesque object may be allowed to remain *in memoriam*, —a gravestone to mark where the highway of the waters lies buried." He was succeeded by his son Francis as owner in 1878.

The Medford historian (Rev. Charles Brooks) also wrote that "no Indian necropolis has as yet been discovered, though one probably exists on the borders of our pond." He doubtless made this assertion because of the record of Standish's visit, but before his passing away one was discovered.

An account of this is given on page 98 of the Usher history. At that time (1862) "five skeletons were found beneath the lawn in the rear of the house of the late Edward Brooks. One was in perfect condition, lying on its side with the arms and legs drawn up, the head to the west and the face to the north." This was sent to the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge and given a "place of honor" there. In 1882 another discovery was made as seen by the following from *Mercury*, September 2.

> L. W. Conant while digging a cellar on the Brooks place recently came across the skeletons of several Indians. They were placed mostly in a sitting posture, after the old Indian mode of burial.

Mr. Lucien Conant was the superintendent of the Brooks estate and lived in the farm house on High street, and near the granite arch, and the cellar referred to was probably that of a new barn close by.

Soon after this last discovery, Mr. Francis Brooks caused to be erected on the lawn where the earlier discovery was made the monument shown in our illustration. It consisted of three pieces: the base, a block of split (Concord) granite thirty-nine inches square and eighteen inches high; the shaft, of dark Medford granite twenty inches square and fifty-eight inches high, set diagonally upon the base, and surmounted with a rough and irregular-shaped block of conglomerate. In the west face of the base is a dressed panel with the words,

"Site of Indian Burial Place." A similar panel in the east has the dedication, "To Sagamore John and those Mystic Indians whose bones lie here." On the north and south (respectively) are the dates 1630 and 1884.

Thus did Mr. Francis Brooks, as possessor of the soil wherein was this "Indian necropolis," reverently and honorably reinter the remains of those of a vanished race who possessed the land three centuries before. It was a commendable act, noticed at various times in public print, and views of this monument are extant, among them our illustration. The location was on the northern side of the canal's course, and the mansion house alluded to is seen in the background.

After the death of Mr. Francis Brooks, this house was in the occupancy of various tenants until in May, 1909, his estate, comprising over fifty acres, passed into the hands of a real estate trust, which proceeded to lay out streets and house lots or building sites. The *Mercury* of May 28 and June 4 contains accounts of the sale and of efforts to save the bridge and monument from destruction.

In his address of January 3, 1910, Mayor Brewer alluded to the bridge, saying, "It is about the only substantial relic of the old Middlesex Canal in Medford, and I have been endeavoring to secure it for the city, together with a small oval of land, in order that the ancient structure may be preserved"; and of the other, "I wish to obtain the monument also for the city and to place it on the small oval, in front of the canal bridge, but up to the present have not succeeded in persuading the owners of the land that the city engineer's plan is the proper one."

It would appear that all later efforts failed, as in August, 1911, the beautiful structure, which might have continued a thing of beauty to attract the attention of visitors as it had in the many years agone, was torn down and used as common building stone in cellar walls. Had the mayor's plan succeeded, it might have been a

valuable asset to the locality and maintained by the park department.

But what of the Indian monument? After a time it was moved by the new owners to the acute apex of a triangular lot on the new Sagamore avenue. Mention was later made of this in the local papers; also in a Boston daily (September 14, 1911) may be found a similar detailed account of a decaying box moved to another burial plot beneath a maple tree. In 1921 the maple tree having died, this "burial plot" was cut into, to make a second connection of the newer street with Sagamore avenue. This left the monument on an unsightly mound of earth from which the foundation stones (said to be a vault) protrude. Its condition then was not one to inspire the visitors who came from other places with much respect for such as caused it. But this is not all. On the evening of October 31, last, the monument was overturned by the disorderly element that thus celebrate Hallowe'en, and now, well toward a year later remains in the same disgraceful condition.

Along Sagamore avenue are the new dwellings erected in recent years, occupied by people whose good taste and sense of "the fitness of things" must be offended by the existing condition.

It may be that because the monument and its site is not public property that the commendable act of Mr. Brooks in its erection is thus made void.

MEDFORD IN 1837

The year 1837 was in many ways a notable one in Medford's history. Medford had then about twenty-two hundred inhabitants, its ship-building was increasing (thirteen being built that year) and its roads were alive with ox-teams hauling in the requisite ship timber. The Lowell railroad had been in operation but two years, but in that time had sounded the knell of the canal

which had but reached its high tide of success in the years just preceding.

The long controversy with the First Parish concerning the town's rights in the meeting house had been settled — adversely to the town — the result of two centuries' union of church and state. During the years of controversy, the town had erected a town-house at a cost (including land) of $10,062, that was destined to serve town and city for eighty years.

In this new building convened the March meeting of 1837 (on the sixth). Two days before, in Washington, Martin Van Buren was inaugurated eighth president of the United States. Though during the previous eight years' administration of Andrew Jackson the national debt had been discharged and surplus distributed, 1837 was a year of widespread financial panic. But it speaks well for Medford's citizens and administrators of that time that it was an era of *publicity*, and that six town meetings (by warrant or adjournment) prior to that of November were held in that *new* town hall. At the first meeting for town business the former town clerk, William D. Fitch, moved and it was *voted*:

1st That it shall be the duty of the committee for auditing the Treasurer's accounts to furnish a true statement of the expenses of the town the past year up to the 20th day of March 1837, together with the outstanding notes with interest against the town and make report thereof at the adjournment of this meeting

2nd Also to prepare a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the town the past year, have the same arranged under distinct heads, and as particular as may be, and cause copies thereof to be printed for the use of the inhabitants at the expense of the town.

3d Also the said committee to make an estimate of the probable necessary expenses of the town, and what money ought to be raised by taxation the current year and make report

Also *Resolved* That it shall be the duty of a committee to be chosen at the *November* meeting to make the above statement *annually* up to the 15th of Feb. and cause copies of the same to be printed at the expense of the town, for the use of every voter and distributed with the warrant for March meeting, and also cause the same to be posted up in public places in the town.

Voted That the aforesaid committee for auditing the Treasurer's accounts and attending to the foregoing resolves be paid for their services the same as allowed the assessors for the time employed in said services.

That year the compensation of the town clerk was raised to $50, the selectmen were allowed $25 and the overseers of the poor $30. The assessors were paid $1.75 per day. The highwaymen, *i.e.*, "man and horse each" on the roads, "nine shillings per day"—"horse and cart the same" until July 1—after that, $1.25 per day.

As a matter of interest we present a summary of that first printed report:—

Receipts		Expenditures	
Bal. in treasury Feb 15, '38	$1419.58	Schools	$5764.28
Lowell Institution for Savings	4000.00	Poor	2082.92
Taxes	7938.31	Notes payable and int.	3331.79
School. Com. damage to Schoolhouse collected	10.75	Highways and Bridges	780.27
Nathan Adams for removal of house	10.12	Fire Dept.	324.62
Sale of Fishing rights	96.00	Law Suits	534.06
Stone posts from Charlestown	8.25	Salaries & Fees	609.95
State Treas. for State paupers	111.94	Miscellaneous	524.89
,, ,, ,, School Fund	64.03	Bal. in treasury	231.07
,, ,, ,, Military	15.00		
Jonas Coburn rent of store	332.37		
S. S. Green ,, ,, ,,	127.50		
Reading Room Assn.	50.00		
	$14,183.85		$14,183.85
		Probable out-standing	$1,183.

One item in "Miscellaneous" is "Charles Caldwell. —platform and rail in front of desk, 17.50." A few of our older citizens will recall this furnishing of the old town hall that did duty until Medford became a city (perhaps longer), the elevated aisle through which the voters passed before the selectmen in voting by ballot.

Another: "Zephaniah Stetson—new hearse $180.00"

and "Andrew Blanchard—covering for same 3.78," this last a sort of cloth bag, placed over and about the hearse in its house at Cross street cemetery to protect it from dust in the intervals between its use. It did it so well that the hearse *appreciated* in value, being listed at $400 in later years.

Certainly that old first printed "Town Report" is interesting reading and furnishes "food for thought" as we compare it with those of recent years.

THE BOWER

Among our recent accessions is the poem here presented, written with pencil in an elegant hand. It bears no date but is signed "Lincoln Swan." There were two of the name — cousins. Their grandfather, Samuel Swan, Jr., who lived at "Furness' corner" named one of his sons for his old Revolutionary commander, Benjamin Lincoln. There were six of them and a daughter, but none other had middle names. He abbreviated them all, saying:

There are Sam, Dan —— Jo, Han —— Lin, Tim, Ca.

Sam (uel) and Lin (coln) each had an eldest son, Benjamin Lincoln. One of these must have been the author of the poem, and along with our Mr. Hooper one of the schoolboys he tells of in his writing of the "bower" on p. 13, Vol. XXII, of the REGISTER. We incline to the thought that he was son of the Benjamin Lincoln Swan who moved to New York.

LINES ON REVISITING A FAVORITE SPOT

CALLED THE BOWER, IN THE WOODS OF MEDFORD, AFTER SEVERAL YEARS' ABSENCE

Beautiful Bower! my long-loved spot,
In boyhood's sunny days,
Happy and rare has been thy lot,
For finger of change has marr'd thee not,
Or spirit of cold decay.

Touchingly true thy features look
To memory's glistening eye;
It knoweth them all — the shady nook —
The dark grey rock and the little brook
So merrily whirling by.

The sinuous path with leaves bestrew'd,
The bank with moss o'ergrown,
The sunless gloom of the hemlock wood
And that old sycamore tree that stood
Just down by the stream alone.

The leafless oak by the hillock's brink,
That scath'd and splintering thing,
With a mark on its trunk like a line of ink,
And last, not least (as we used to think)
The limb that upheld our swing.

And here's the old stump of a hollow tree,
With squirrels in it still,
And here again as it used to be,
A woodchuck burrowing his gallery
At the foot of yonder hill.

And again I hear in the forest's hush,
The chewink's plaintive cry,
And hear as of old, a mocking-thrush,
Perch'd over his nest in yonder bush,
Whistling melodiously.

How strangely like! and Memory's light
Plays softly o'er the scene.
The visions of youth come fresh to sight
As if they were but yesternight,
Though years have rolled between.

Yet mournfully has my spirit mov'd
Among these scenes today.
They are unchanged: but those who rov'd
Beside me once, those forms beloved,
I see not — where are they?

—*Lincoln Swan.*

Vol. XXV.] [No. 4.

HISTORICAL REGISTER

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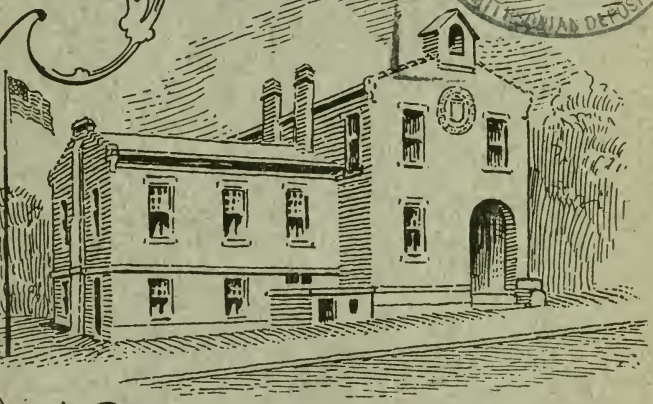
1923
SMITHSONIAN DEPOSIT



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J. C. MILLER, JR. **MOSES W. MANN.**

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

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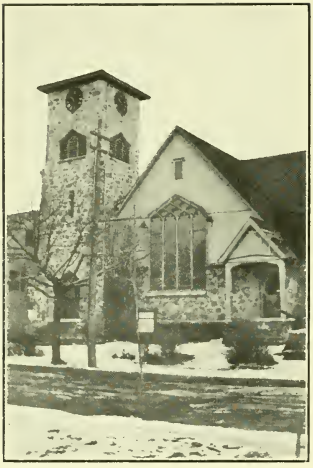

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

OTIS STREET.

Dedicated March 10, 1907.
Church organized, 1822. First building, 1828.
Second House of Worship, 1845.
Third edifice erected 1872. Burned August 19, 1905.

The Medford Historical Register.

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MEDFORD CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES.

The year 1922 has been a notable one for Medford church anniversaries. Four have been observed, marking the lapse of a century, and its fractions of half and three quarters. As incidental to, and part of Medford history, the Register makes note of them.

The first in order was that of the First Methodist Episcopal, whose beginning was on July 28, 1822. Summer vacations were not in vogue a century ago, and so many other changes have come in the years that it is well to consider for a little what the Medford of that day was, and why the event celebrated took place. As to amount, Medford was practically the same area as today, though since reduced at one side and increased on another. As to population, fifteen hundred. Five country roads radiated from the "market place," or business center, now called the "square," and these had but few branches. Three distilleries were in operation, and ship-building was on the increase. The civic center was the meeting-house up High street. There the sovereign people gathered in town meeting. James Monroe was President, for the American republic was still young. Dr. John Brooks of Medford had been for several years Governor of Massachusetts, and lived just out of the market place. The public conveyances were the stage coach and the slow-moving canal boat, for the railroad was thirteen years in the future. The sewing machine, the daguerreotype, gas, kerosene lamps and electric telegraph were all unheard of. Public schools were of the

most primitive type and public worship was at the management and expense of the town, which levied a special rate or tax to pay the minister, who was settled for life.

Into such Medford came the organization of a *second* church, in 1822, on lines of religious thought held by a few residents fifty years before, which years were the last of colony times. But they were a minority, though they had the courage of their convictions and dared express them. Outnumbered and outvoted, they gracefully yielded to their associates and gave the newly called pastor their loyal support.

Then came the Revolution, which like all wars, had its debasing effects, however much patriotism may be commended. The "state religion" of New England was of the Congregational order of Pilgrim and Puritan. In the reconstruction that followed the Revolution came the rallying of other religious forces and effort in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1789 and the Protestant Episcopal in 1794. Both were essentially American and early pledged their allegiance and support to the administration of Washington.

Neither were any too gladly welcomed in Massachusetts by the "standing order," where the state religion was intrenched behind a tax levy on one's estate and "faculty." Such tax levied, it was a case of pay or go to jail. Thus we may see that it took some courage for any dissenters from the established order to worship in any other form a century ago.

But during the first forty years of the republic, certain changes in the tenets of the *established* order had gradually developed, and in Medford, as in other places, the parting of the way was approaching, as the long pastorate of David Osgood was nearing its close. In Lynn, Boston and the adjoining towns of Malden and Charlestown, "societies," *i.e.* churches, of the new Methodist Episcopal order had been formed. From the latter came one of its number preaching the gospel of full and free salvation, which differed somewhat from the Calvinistic

doctrine of earlier days. The doors of the meeting-house, the place of public assemblage, were not open to him or the doctrines he preached, but in a building down on old Ship street, people gathered to hear Josiah Brackett, a business man, licensed by his church to preach, tell the story of salvation through Christ. The next gathering was in the ball room of the tavern, and one hundred people came — one-fifteenth of the entire population of the town.

Such was the beginning of the *second* church in Medford a century ago, the beginning of a new order which within two years was to be followed by the practical division of the old parish and the end of "state religion," and then again by other branches of the Christian church.

Today the denomination Josiah Brackett pioneered has in Medford five congregations which have grown from that effort, and it was with a feeling of gratitude and commendable pride that the First Methodist Episcopal Church, taking time a little by the forelock, led off in the series of anniversary observances — its centennial beginning with the morning service of Sunday, March 19. Rev. James E. Coons, D. D., Superintendent of Lynn District (of N. E. Conference), in which Medford is, preached the sermon. The text (Heb. xi : 8), "and he went out, not knowing whither he went."

During the weeks that preceded, various repairs had been in progress on the comparatively new church edifice, and this occasion was taken to provide for the liquidation of the balance of incurred expense, and the sufficient sum of $800 was pledged for its cancellation. In the evening Rev. L. H. Murlin, D.D., president of Boston University, preached to a crowded house. Aside from the features mentioned, this Sabbath's services differed not from those usually held.

According to the printed program, Monday, March 20, was "Historical Night." A pouring rain came in the afternoon and early evening, which doubtless kept many

away. Yet it was a goodly audience that gathered in the auditorium and patiently listened to the roll-call of the present membership of five hundred and seventy-five, and introductory remarks of the pastor, Rev. D. Harold Hickey. The features of the evening were the addresses of Herbert A. Weitz, Esq., and Miss Katherine Saxe. The latter, a "child of the church," spoke of "Some Personalities of First Church," from her own acquaintance with the faithful worthies she told of.

The address of Mr. Weitz is of much historic value to the church and community, the result of careful search and study, and covered all points and the entire history of the church for the century, and even went further back. It should be printed and generally read, as it supplements all previous accounts and brings the church's history down to date.

Tuesday, March 21, was "Former Pastors' Night." Eight of them were present, and with their wives formed a long receiving line. Dr. N. T. Whitaker, whose pastorate was 1869-70-71, was followed by Revs. Watkins, Bragg, Curnick, Chadbourne, Pomeroy, Bridgham and Richardson in the order of their service. A later pastor, (Vandermark) unable to come, was represented by his wife. Their remarks were reminiscent, instructive and encouraging, often facetious, but all in happy vein. From the dim and shadowy past came the congratulatory message of Rev. Edward Stuart Best, pastor in '55-56. It was like a benediction, the letter of "Father Best," now in his ninety-seventh year, the oldest member of the New England Conference.

There was a considerable number of former members of the church that came to this reunion, and the occasion was one of much interest to them, especially in the interchange of reminiscences of the years agone. Probably, of such, not more than three were members fifty years ago, while few of their children can remember with any distinctness the half-century observance.

On Wednesday evening the announcement called for

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Corner Bower and Holton Streets, West Medford.

Church organized April 1, 1872.

First House of Worship dedicated November 6, 1873.

Dedication of present edifice March 11, 1896.

a "Union Prayer Meeting of the Methodist Churches of Medford"—"Love Feast, in charge of Dr. C. F. Rice." The chapel was not overcrowded. Prayer was offered by the pastor, hymns sung. Dr. Rice, pastor of the Wellington church, preached a short and excellent sermon and brief remarks were made by local and visiting members. It was a profitable and enjoyable occasion, but not on the old-time lines.

Thursday evening's concert and readings marked the close of the anniversary program, making a way mark in the history of Medford Methodism in marked contrast to its beginning a century ago.

This church now occupies its fourth house of worship. The first three were not widely separated in location. This, however, is near the northeastern border of the city, with no immediate neighboring church, and of late has styled itself "A Community Church."

In 1822 it was an "adventurer," but it soon had its fellows, sometime rivals, but in the lapse of years coming to a better fellowship in common service.

Trinity, the second church of the Methodist Episcopal order in Medford, is in the western part of the city. Though its birthday came on April first, it was a reality, and its history of fifty years one most interesting. In a way, it also was an "adventurer." In the fifty years preceding, the various leading denominations had found place in Medford, their houses of worship all near the square, except that of the Roman Catholic, which, serving both Medford and Malden, was near the town boundary. In those fifty years the population had quadrupled, being in 1870, five thousand, seven hundred and seventeen, with but scant increase in the outlying sections. Its increase began in West Medford in 1870. There, first a Sunday school, and later in '68, a community preaching service was begun, and continued for four years. From this grew two churches. Trinity had suitably remembered its fifteenth, twenty-fifth, thirty-fifth and fortieth birthdays, and naturally looked forward

to the attainment of fifty years with a commendable pride and interest, and five months in advance commenced its preparations, by appointing a general committee from its various departments. One feature specialized was the raising of a "Jubilee Fund" of two thousand dollars to ensure no deficit in current expenses, and to make some needed improvements in the church property.

A monthly paper of sixteen pages called *Trinity Jubilee Chimes*, edited by the pastor, was issued and widely circulated during the last quarter of the "Jubilee year" and the two months following.

The special features of Jubilee week, covering two Sabbaths, were announced in an attractive booklet program and carried out with much enthusiasm.

Sunday, March 26, was an ideal day as to weather conditions and a large expectant company gathered, and the keynote was struck in the processional hymn, "The Year of Jubilee is Come," by the vested choir of Trinity's young people, who crowded their seats and sang, besides the hymns, special selections.

The usual order of morning service, in which the congregation participated with much feeling, was followed by the sermon of the pastor on "The Ministry of Jubilee."

At the noon hour special note of the occasion was taken in the Sabbath School and in the Men's Class by brief addresses of a reminiscent kind.

At six o'clock the young people of the Epworth League had their special service, and at seven came the dedication of the "Jubilee lights." When Trinity's second house was built, electric lighting had not attained its present excellent status and its cost had to be reckoned with. But in the jubilee program it was assured. The evening service began in a dimly lighted room, but at the close of the dedicatory prayer the new lights shone in beauty on the new Bible, the new flags, choir draperies and altar carpets, all blending in worshipful harmony.

At this service was present Rev. John Fletcher Brant, who served as Trinity's pastor in 1875 (it being his first regular appointment as "preacher in charge" in the ministry) whose reminiscent address was both interesting and helpful.

A feature of the evening was the special selections by the choir.

Tuesday was devoted to "Our History." A rainy day was followed by a foggy evening, but Trinity's people assembled in goodly numbers with a good representation of interested friends filling the auditorium. The exercises, under the direction of Chairman Wells C. Warner, opened by the processional in the usual order by the vested choir, and prayer by Pastor Bullock. As the occasion marked (nearly) the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of the present church, it was fitting that the *first* dedication hymn of Medford Methodism be sung. Written by John Newland Maffit in 1828 (for the first house of First M. E. Church on Cross street), it was on this occasion thrown on the screen and sung by choir and people.

After introduction by the chairman (who later, upon call, read from the records of the first two meetings for organization) the historical address was given by Moses Whitcher Mann, an original member, and illustrated by one hundred and seven lantern slides. Dealing briefly with the early history of the ancient town, the introduction of Methodism in 1822, the speaker told of the West Medford of the 'seventies into which Methodism came.

Tracing the history for fifty years, portraits of nearly every pastor and wife were shown. The first official board and many of church workers and members of early years, and the "Ladies' Aid" down to date were shown, and those within present memory continually applauded.

Rev. Charles Tilton, who as pastor led the effort for final freedom from debt, was present, spoke in his usual happy vein, and offered the closing prayer and benediction.

On Wednesday evening came the Jubilee reunion. Three former pastors, Cassidy, in whose time the present church edifice was erected, Tilton and Van Buskirk were present. Each was accorded a hearty greeting and spoke words of cheer and counsel.

Like a wonderful benediction was the presence of Rev. N. T. Whitaker (pastor at Medford in 1870–72), who organized the class-meeting in October, '71, and was present at the formal organization, April 1, '72, and also preached the twenty-fifth anniversary sermon. He has but recently retired from the active pastorate of Saxonville church. In his advanced years of four score he found it a pleasure to attend both Medford and West Medford festivities in memory of his services a half century before and the "grand old man" was listened to with marked attention.

Then followed an impressive scene — the calling the roll of the honored pastors gone before, the entire assembly standing.

At the name of Jarvis A. Ames (1887–88–89) an extract from one of his pastoral reports was read, which was like a message from an old-time friend.

Letters were read from several former pastors who were unable to attend, and quite a number of former members (now removed) were at this home-coming. But two of the original members still remain. Three of the Ladies' Aid Society of 1873 were present. Music was furnished by an orchestra and refreshments by the young ladies of the Epworth League during the social hour that followed.

Thursday brought the closing snowstorm of the season and occupants for every seat at the banquet tables. The young men were much in evidence, and cheering and victrola selections made jubilee music. The Jubilee menu was done ample justice and the Jubilee address was by Rev. Dr. H. H. Crane of Malden Center church, a wonderfully inspiring one.

On Saturday evening, under winter skies and with

WEST MEDFORD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

CORNER HIGH AND ALLSTON STREETS.

Dedicated January 8, 1905.

Church organized June 12, 1872.

First House of Worship, corner Harvard Avenue and Bower Street.

Dedicated October 14, 1874.

Destroyed by fire March 4, 1903.

winter travel the real birthday of Trinity Church was noted in the very rooms where the first meeting was held, by a quiet hour of prayer. This was made possible by the kindly courtesy of present owners, Mr. L. W. Bragdon and sisters.

On Sunday, April 2, Rev. James T. Beebe, D.D., preached an appropriate sermon and spoke to the Men's Class about Boston University's School of Theology, of which he is dean, and where most of Trinity's pastors have studied. In the evening the Jubilee exercises were finished by the pastor's address, "A Closed Jubilee"— a report of the year's work. For several Sabbaths preceding and on the two Jubilee Sabbaths the altar flowers were provided in memory of former members and relatives of the donors.

The later issues of the *Chimes* made mention of the various features, and with the anniversary program may be found in the library of the Historical Society.

Next in order to celebrate was the West Medford Congregational Church, which was organized by an Ecclesiastical Council on June 12, 1872.

Like its neighbor (Trinity Church), it made early planning for its observance and carried it out well, though on somewhat different lines. The observance included but one Sabbath's service and for convenience ended on June 11 — just within the fifty years.

On Thursday, June 8, the exercises opened with a "Pageant," in which nearly one hundred members of the church and parish took part.

The pageant was the thought and writing of the present pastor, Rev. Henry Francis Smith, and consisted of seven episodes, the first "The Incarnation," and the seventh, "The Fruit of the Far Flung Years," in which the entire number of participants were gathered.

In the first episode, the "Mother of our Lord" was seen kneeling beneath the shaded light (by Elizabeth Lowry) while strains of "Magnificat" came from the choir loft.

Episode 2 was "The Great Commission." The eleven apostles (of Ascension Day) and "two men in white" were seen silently "gazing up into heaven."

Episode 3, "The Christian Westward-Ho," brought the audience down the ages, by the presence of the "Spirit of Christianity," and of "Paul," "Gregory the Great," and "Augustine" and the more visible personalities of Wickliffe, Tyndale and Robert Browne.

Episode 4 was styled "An Unfamiliar." This represented a gathering of the Puritans in Old England, planning for their migration to a new world.

The fifth, in time two centuries and a half later, was styled "Fifty Years Ago," and did honor to one of the good women who began a Sunday school in West Medford, Mrs. Rachel Barnes. She was impersonated by Gertrude Haynes. Then came the "Spirit of West Medford Church," by Katherine Powers. Next came six men representing the "charter members" (one was a son of one of them) who held a meeting and decided to organize a church.

Episode 6, "The End of the Golden Era," had *seven spirits*, each representing some phase of church work: The Church School, Woman's League, Good Cheer Club, Brotherhood, Christian Endeavor, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire, then two of the smallest of the Choir children, followed by a soldier in uniform, and last came the missionary (from this church, now in India), the "Spirit of Mary Rogers."

The closing episode of "The Far Flung Years" massed all the participants in review, and its entire presentation was the result of much thought and effort on the part of the author and all that managed and carried it through so successfully.

During the presentation there looked out from the screen the portraits of the seven pastors of the church during the half century. Three have gone on before — Messrs. Jaggar, Stebbins and Clancy, two— Messrs. Hood and Yorke, sent letters of regret. But it was like

"good old times," the *coming* of the second, Rev. Marshall M. Cutter.

The pageant was repeated on Friday evening with even greater success, and on Saturday evening was the "Anniversary Reunion," this also in the auditorium. The pastor presided. The historical sketch of the church and parish was read by Mr. Alexander Diebold, and showed a careful search of record and grouping of the facts of a highly interesting history.

Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Cutter and Rev. Arthur Ackerman of Natick, a son of one of the charter members. He regretted the fact that he was the only one to go into the Christian ministry from this church, and made an earnest appeal to the young people along that line. He was followed by his brother Herbert, who *was* one of the "charter members," but now of the Mystic Church, in brief but happy remembrance of the early days. (See Mr. Ackerman's "West Medford Congregational Church," in REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p.25.)

This church has now on its roll the names of but two members of 1872. One, Miss Abby Teele, was present but did not feel equal to the task of making reply; another, Mrs. Sarah Foster, whose membership is forty-eight years, was introduced, and spoke her gratitude and pleasure. Both were presented with floral tokens.

A social hour was enjoyed in the chapel, where an interesting collection of books, pictures and papers connected with the local church history which had been collected by Miss Katharine Stone, was on view. Refreshments were served by the young people and opportunity of renewing old acquaintance was well improved, as many old timers came home.

The services on Sunday were in the usual order and form in Congregational churches, but instead of morning sermon a brief and appropriate address by Pastor Smith. Baptism and reception of new members followed the celebration of the Lord's Supper, Rev. Messrs. Cutter and Smith officiating. But two (pos-

sibly three) persons form a connecting link between that service and this church's first Communion occasion in August, 1872, held in Mystic Hall, and the two consider themselves favored by "Old Time" in his flight.

At the evening service the sermon was by Rev. Oscar Maurer, D.D., of New Haven, Conn., a college classmate of the pastor, the prayer by Rev. T. C. Richards of Mystic Church, the invocation by Rev. Dr. Morgan, a recent supply pastor during Pastor Smith's absence in oversea work. The responsive reading was led by Rev. M. L. Bullock of Trinity Church. Of course, it was fitting that Mr. Cutter, the first settled pastor, should have the last word, the *benediction*, which he prefaced by a brief prayer that added to the impressiveness of the occasion.

The music was of a high order, and this church has the peculiarity of having two vested choirs, the "second choir" entering the auditorium in processional hymn, and leaving their seats in the rear gallery by the opposite aisle in the recessional. On this anniversary occasion both choirs sang the antiphonal anthem (by Turner) "Sing to the Lord."

June, the month of roses, is a favorable time, and the floral decorations of Saturday evening and Sunday were exceedingly tasteful.

As on the day of organization in 1872, between the "council" and the recognition service in the evening came a terrific thunder storm, so on this anniversary Sunday came another with greater downpour of rain, both clearing for the evening hour.

So passed into history another pleasant memory of the anniversary of another church of fifty years.

After seventy-five years of church life, with, by the lapse of time, none of the early members and few of their descendants or those that knew them, Mystic Church gathered to do them honor and celebrate its anniversary.

Mystic Church has a history of its own, though somewhat interlocked with another that preceded it twenty-

MYSTIC CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

SALEM STREET.

Organized July 6, 1847.

Church building dedicated February 14, 1849.

Union of First Trin. Cong'l and Mystic Churches, December 31, 1874.

This House of Worship enlarged and remodelled in 1875 to present form.

Rededicated January 12, 1876.

four years before, and whose centennial in 1923, if observed, must be by Mystic Church, because of the union of the older with the younger church in 1874. And Mystic Church made a good beginning this year toward that event.

On Friday evening, October 20, an illustrated lecture by the pastor showed the Pilgrims from old England and the Puritans of New England, the founders of Congregationalism.

Sunday, October 22, its announcement styled "Historical Day." The usual form of Sabbath worship was observed, and the pastor, Rev. Thomas C. Richards, took for text of his anniversary address Heb. xi: 40: "Better things for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." He seemed to have studied Medford history as well as local church history, for he told of the political situation and industrial improvements and inventions of that day. We quote a few extracts: —

Medford was an overgrown country village of thirty-four hundred people, with ox-carts and shirt sleeves. No police force or water system was in the town and bath-rooms out of the question. Trains on the Medford branch had just begun to run, but with better schedule than now. Ship building was the main industry, thirty in 1845. The town was wealthy, twenty-sixth in the state in property and only fifty-second in population.

"Every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man." Mystic Church owes more to Galen James, deacon and ship-builder than to any other. At the age of thirty-two he led seventeen members out of the old town church, in protest, to establish a new church. Twenty-four years later he led the secession of sixty to organize Mystic Church.

The separation was not due to doctrinal, but to personal and political reasons. It was a time of swarming. The Baptist Church organized in 1842, and the Methodist work took on new life two years later.

Between 1840 and '50 population had increased fifty per cent and business was booming, especially ship building. All pews in the High street church were rented.

Mr. Richards alluded to the real cause of separation, as seen by one article added to the Confession of Faith of Mystic Church: —

"This church regards slave-holding, the traffic in and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, gambling and such things as inconsistent with the Christian life."

and read another article in that little book of principles adopted, and added,

It is interesting to think how this rule would affect the pastor and officials of the church today. It was a progressive step for those days.

Galen James was in advance of his time. Neither abolitionists or temperance advocates were popular, and his advocacy of such measures made him many enemies. They called him "Pope James," and the Mystic Church folks "Come-outers," but it is noticeable that the fight for reform healed many divisions made by doctrine.

* * * * *

How shall we show our loyalty to their unfinished task? Not by accepting their creeds and formulas, but by the same desire for truth, the same firm courage of our conviction, and intense sincerity. We need today to be pioneers of progress, "Come-outers," dare to be in advance of our times and dare to lead and let others follow. They dared to apply their Christianity to the great moral issues of the time. Do we dare to do the same?

The quartet choir rendered excellent music, and led the congregation in the singing of the hymns.

At the noon hour the large vestry was filled on occasion of the "Historical Celebration, Reunion and Exhibit of the Work of the Sunday School." Former Superintendents Chapin and Loomis told of the school of 1876, and Miss E. Josephine Wilcox, with forty years' experience, gave a "History of the Mystic Sunday School" that reads wonderfully well and should be an inspiration to all workers. (It is well reported in the *Medford Mercury* of October 27.) The music was with orchestral accompaniment of violin and 'cello and the whole hour was one of great interest.

The evening service was by the Christian Endeavor workers and was well carried out and brought many former members together.

Monday, October 23, was "Social Day" with "The Women's Meeting" in the afternoon with President

(Mrs.) Miller making the "Welcoming" address, and Miss Wilcox in conduct of the exercises. Mrs. Holyoke brought the greetings of the Unitarian and Mrs. Smith of the West Medford Congregational churches. Wives of three former pastors also told of their times in Mystic Church. These were Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Barstow and Mrs. Butler, the latter in a poem. Then came the "Women of Mystic Church" by one of them, Miss Eliza M. Gill, and read by Mrs. M. Susan Goodale. It was certainly a "tribute of praise" of those worthies and a "labor of love" for her church by its writer.

In the evening came the "Anniversary Dinner," to which ample justice was done. Former Pastors Hill, Barstow and Butler were present and made addresses — also the Rev. Barstow's son, Rev. Robbins Barstow. After a mid-week rest, on Friday evening came "The People and History of Mystic Church in Picture," with address by one of Medford's accredited historians, Miss Helen Tilden Wild. During the hour eighty-five "pictures" were shown, and face after face of the solid, worthy and reliable men and women of old Medford, attired in the style of their day, appeared before a delighted company as the speaker told of them and of their faith and works. Mystic Church is fortunate in having three such faithful chroniclers as these, but Pastor Richards avers that much credit is due Deacon H. N. Ackerman, president of the Historical Society, for getting together the portraits for the preparation of the needful slides and their suitable inscription.

On Sunday, October 29, Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., a "son of the church," came home to preach the closing sermon of the anniversary. We quote a few passages: —

This was my church into which I was born. To it I owe more than to any other institution in the world. It has permeated my life. It was the church of my father and mother, where they obtained grace and patience to train the children. The constable and the schoolmaster worshipped here. I can see Rev. Solon Cobb — with a mustache every boy envied. He believed a boy had a soul,

and he put the stamp of his influence on our lives. I shared the activities of the church as a waiter at church suppers, as librarian and usher, took up collections and blew the organ. I stood before this altar as a boy and pledged my allegiance to the Christian life. It was all before me then. Now some of it is in the beautiful yesterdays. . . . The spirit of the old Book lives in the world today with a power of its own. . . . We have come to realize the kind of church Jesus wanted. . . . Our fathers had the Bible and a vision and handed them over to us. We are fitting it all to the needs of our lives, that we may hand our work over to our boys, not having spot or blemish.

At 4.30 P.M. the vesper service was conducted by the young people. An excellent musical program was rendered and address given by Miss Ruth Richards.

* * * * *

Such were the milestones set up as marking the progress of four of Medford's churches during a century —way marks in the history of the town, now grown twenty-six times to a populous city.

Incidentally, we note that there are today twenty-six worshipping congregations, while the seating capacity of their church edifices is not so ample (proportionally) as that of the town meeting house of 1822. Surely, Medford is not *over-churched* but rather (to borrow a word) *under-congregationized.*

In 1822, the public worship of God was at the *town's* expense and the "house of the Lord" built and *owned* by the town. Any dissenting from the state (or town) religion might, it is true, worship otherwise or elsewhere, but at their own personal expense and inconvenience.

The little company that assembled in the "College" on old Ship street (which, by the way, was not a college building), with Josiah Brackett as their preacher, were the earliest pioneers, and the next year followed by Galen James and his associates.

The opening sentence of Dr. Coons at the Methodist Centennial was, "All the world loves an adventurer." To this we would add — when the venture is successful. But how was it in Medford a century ago?

The adventurers of 1822 were but few, almost unknown, not blessed with wealth, as their house of worship not erected till 1828 would indicate. That it was so small, unpretentious and built of second-hand material shows somewhat of the effort, and also that Medford's love for the adventurer was none too ardent. Even the later ones led by Galen James (of which Mystic Church is outcome) though possessed of means and able to erect a stately edifice, found old friendships disturbed for a time.

But the growth of all four whose birthday celebrations we have here noted proves that "nothing succeeds like success."

MEDFORD BROADSIDES

In a book of nearly five hundred pages, recently published, is a list of titles of nearly thirty-five hundred broadsides issued in Massachusetts prior to the year 1800, the first being (from the Stephen Daye press set up in Cambridge in 1638) "*The Freeman's Oath.*"

Three in the list are credited to Medford, two of them in 1771. One is a "*Poem, Medford, Printed & Sold 1771,*" and the first two lines are quoted: —

> ONE GOD there is, of *wisdom, Glory, Might :*
> One truth there is, to guide our Souls aright.

The poem consists of twelve verses of four lines plentifully capitalized and italicized, enumerating "Two Testaments," "Three Persons in the Trinity," "Four Evangelists," "Five Senses," "Six Days," "Seven Lib'ral Arts," "Eight Persons in the Ark," "Nine Muses," "Ten Commandments," "Eleven Disciples did with Jesus pray," and closing with

> TWELVE there were among our Fathers Old,
> Twelve Articles our Christian Faith doth hold,
> Twelve Gates to New *Jerusalem* there be,
> Unto which place may Christ bring you and me.

A foot note (in the book) says, "No printer has been identified with Medford this year."

The other is,

A Poem

Occasioned by the late sudden and awful Death of a Young Woman, who was found drowned in Medford—River July 14, 1771

Printed & Sold 1771.

As in the first, this quotes the opening lines — there are sixty-six in all. We have seen the originals in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society and quote but four lines: —

Now unto you I shall relate
The awful and surprizeing fate
Of a fair Maid, both young and Gay
Who lived in Malden, as they say.

It was the same old sad story of mistaken confidence, betrayal and suicide, antedating "The River's Death-Roll," which has appeared in the REGISTER. There is no clue to the authorship of the "poem."

The third broadside referred to is of the collection at Harvard College, and is a sheet eight by thirteen inches, frayed at the edges and torn into the print at the left, but the missing print is supplied by the context. Its title is

A True and Wonderful Relation
of the Appearance of
Three Angels
(Cloathed in White Raiment) to a Young Man*
in Medford, near Boston on the 4th of*
February 1791 at Night
together
With the Substance of the Discourse delivered by one of the Angels from Colossians III–4

*These two lines were included in one in the broadside.

Beneath are three columns of print. First is quoted, *Joel II–28*, next an index finger pointing to the publishers' notice, then a column and a quarter of the statement of the "young man" as to his "distress of mind" and the appearance of the "angels," one of whom "addressed him for the space of an hour," and part of which address he

"penned down," and which follows his statement in the remainder of the broadside.

Who the printer was, or whether this broadside was printed in Medford, is unknown; there is nothing to indicate either fact, but the publisher evidently expected an incredulous reception and fortified it with Scripture and commended the author as one worthy of belief.

As we read it today, in the light of many modern views and experiences of people of various religious beliefs and thought, the query naturally arises, what effect had such a publication in the little town of but a thousand people?

Evidently his remarkable story had been heard to some extent, so much so that he was requested to publish the same. How large an edition was printed is unknown, but this is a "treasured broadside today." "In these things lies the material of history." Doubtless it was discussed around the firesides of Medford, in the taverns and wherever people or neighbors met.

And who was this "young man," Ebenezer Adams? There was a Benjamin Adams who came to Medford from Plainfield in October, 1756, and licensed as an innholder in the same year. His family was wife Elizabeth and six children — Simeon, Ebenezer, Abraham, Solomon, Levi and Martha (whether in this order is uncertain) but all were "warned out" May 3, 1757.

Such was the custom of early times in order to avoid the liability of the town for support. Three months unwarned residence gained recognition but not all thus warned departed. Benjamin Adams may have had good staying qualities, but *his* son Ebenezer could hardly have been the "young man" of the broadside. Possibly it was a son or nephew of his who told the remarkable story which was evidently so real to him.

Perhaps "others mocking said" something about "new wine," otherwise *Old Medford*, but the publisher followed St. Peter's example and quoted the prophet:

"Your young men shall see visions."

OUR CENTENNIAL NUMBER

Twenty-five years ago in the heyday of its youth and the sunshine of popular favor our Historical Society issued its first REGISTER. This is the one hundredth number. It has changed its dress but once, and that of necessity, but it still wears the same trimming, not woolen, but designed by Woolley at its outset.

On the last cover page the Society's seal is crowded somewhat by an automobile,— almost unknown in '96,— but that has been the fate of many a pedestrian.

This page makes 2594, exclusive of covers and title pages, index and advertisements, the whole forming a substantial and reliable addition to the literature of Medford. This last because in all the quarter century it has aimed to deal exclusively with Medford matters and those closely related thereto.

During that time, Medford has trebled in population and changed in many ways,— some not for the better. Yet there is hope, in a good citizenship and a 100 per cent Americanism. Another thing has trebled — our cost of publication, but not the popular favor to keep pace with it, while the subscription price has been but little advanced. The publication committee has its problem to solve. Very few of the over a hundred historical societies of Massachusetts have such record of publication as has ours. We hope to continue it with success.

We mentioned *popular favor* at first. It is now the "winter of our discontent," because in our cosmopolitan growth and the unrest of recent years the preservation of our history and worthy traditions seems to be forgotten.

Both our Historical Society and its REGISTER *need* and will welcome interested workers and willing helpers in place of those now passed on.

And in these closing lines the editor, now nearly fifteen years in service, wishes to thank his helpers of the past for their many favors.

THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XXVI, 1923

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PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

MEDFORD
J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER

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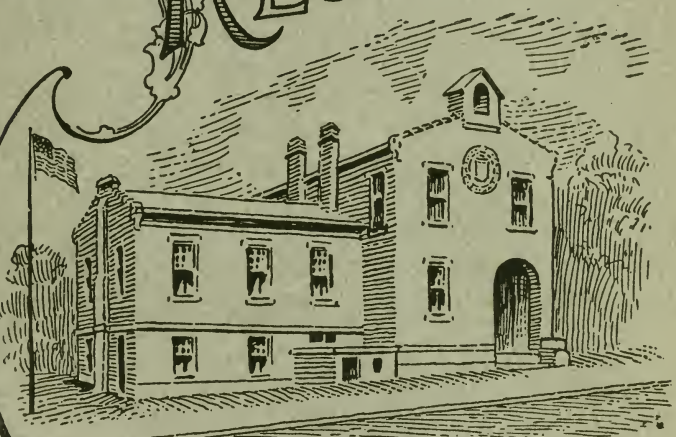

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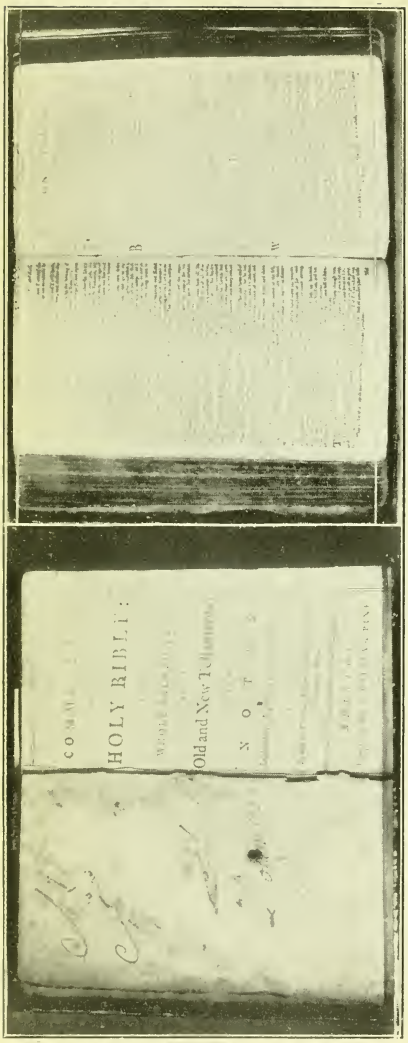
FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.



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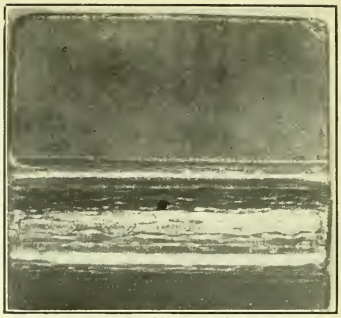


COVER OF WESLEY'S BIBLE.

REV. E. STUART BEST.
Methodist Pastor in Medford
1855-1857.
Now in his 99th year.

The Medford Historical Register.

Vol. XXVI. MARCH, 1923. No. 1.

VIEWS OF MEDFORD.

THE rapid increase of Medford's population in the last two decades, with the many physical changes within its bounds, both of public and private enterprise, give rise to a query of comparison,—how did the *old* town look?

Indeed, this was asked in a local paper twenty years ago by its editor in hope of eliciting reply. He received but few. The older people, of course, could *tell*, in words, as they had seen it. In various issues of the REGISTER their observations have been preserved for readers to construct for themselves into a satisfying vista. Still, such results are but word pictures, intangible, and variable as might be the observer.

Those possessing the ability to transfer to canvas or board, by brush or pencil, what they saw and told of are few, as search will disclose.

Now, for *old* Medford vistas let us make search. Naturally, we turn first to the published histories, only to be disappointed, as the first is of 1855, and scantily illustrated.

The earliest attempt to portray any view or scene in Medford which has come to our knowledge was made (doubtless in 1835) when some one painted a view with the legend, "Junction of the River, Canal and Railroad in Medford, 1835." As one said of it in Marblehead, where we first saw it (1903), "It is evidently the work of a novice."

It conveys the idea expressed but imperfectly, and the "novice" introduced features so manifestly incon-

gruous as to cause its later owner to endorse on its back (in effect) that *the fine houses were a fancy of the artist.*

Crude as it is, and of no artistic merit, it, however, is the result of a worthy motive, the presentation of a new and important feature in scenic Medford.

Who the "novice" was is unknown, but, in a way, he showed the high embankment stretching across the Mystic marshland, with engine and cars upon it, the bridges over the river and canal, in which latter a boat going westward drawn by horses, and in the distance the lock and tavern is seen.

A *surprising* feature is in evidence: a balloon hovering over the whole and in the foreground (where is now the Parkway-Auburn street bridge) stand a man, woman and child viewing the scene.

Possibly the Medford aeronaut Lauriat may have made an ascension and sailed over "about this time." Who knows?

So far as is known, no reproduction of this view has ever been made, though several attempts have failed.

In 1839, Barber's "Historical Collection" was published, the author himself making the illustrating sketches in the various Massachusetts towns he visited and described.

In the REGISTER of September, 1920, may be seen his work in portraying Medford. This view is printed from the same "wood block" made and used in 1839. It is not without its inaccuracies, as was noticed in that and subsequent issues; still, to old residents the view was cognizable.

In 1839 the engraver on steel or wood had to be furnished a sketch or drawing of the scene to be portrayed, and not all *artists* were expert, as we have already shown. Some painted on canvas, some pencilled on paper — and some drew on their imagination — and sometimes the engraver added a little for effect. It is an interesting study to follow the various gradations, as seen in such illustrations, in points of time and process.

In 1851 Frederic Gleason began, in Boston, to publish

his famous pictorial weekly. His illustrations were on a larger scale, engraved on wood, and though the invention of Daguerre was in 1839, there is little evidence of its being employed in the "*Pictorial*."

The tornado of August 23, 1851, is there depicted, the locality being the site of the West Medford post-office and opposite. How artists' views might differ can be seen in a view of the same place and occurrence in the *Illustrated National Mirror*.

In 1855 came the publication of the *History of Medford*, by Rev. Charles Brooks, and in this are eight steel engravings. Medford had then the "Daguerreian Rooms" of O. R. Wilkinson, not as yet styled a photographer. His work forms the basis of three of these.

The first, we notice, shows five buildings on Main street (all there today), the second story of the left-hand one unchanged, save that the artist's sign is gone. Several people are at the store door, women and children are looking in the windows — Tinkham's now — and a man is stooping over, as if in pain.

Next is one with a big black sign over the door and a smaller one that looks like DRUGS beside it. Iron bars hang from the windows, for storekeepers used "to put shutters up" at night. There is a different front now.

Next, "F. H. Kidder" sold "Boots & Shoes," as two signs tell. A high wooden gate closes the space between this and the "Rail Road Station," the three-story building with the bell on the rear end of the roof-ridge.

Then another of two stories, with door and window, and driveway through to the dock in the rear. This the writer recognizes as the coal office where he bought his first winter's coal of Luther Angier in 1870, with more pleasure, less money, and better results than present conditions give.

"A. L. Rawson, del." was the *delineator* of this view from Wilkinson's daguerreotype, and "F. T. Stuart, sc." *sculped* (*i.e.* engraved) the steel plate from which it was printed.

The elder Thatcher Magoun's residence, now the Public Library (which has been noted in the REGISTER) is shown, and the same process was followed in it, as also in view of Medford square, which, as it is Medford's civic center, deserves special mention. Its point of view is at the entrance of Salem street. As we look up High street today we see nothing that is in the picture save the three well-preserved Hall houses. It is a typical New England village scene of the 50's.

The town-house is the dominant feature, its pillared portico elevated several steps above the sidewalk; at the street corner is the tall granite post, then known as "Howe's folly," surmounted by an *equally tall* lamp-post. Signboards over the four side-doors show that stores were in the first story and more steps elevated.

A passenger has alighted from the stage-coach, a rider on horseback is at the water-trough, but the town pump, if "in working order," leans towards the tall barber's pole between the lofty sycamores before the Dr. Tufts house.

Two white canvas-topped wagons are in the square, and several groups of people, most of these, with all the horses, headed westward. Two boys and a dog are in the immediate foreground, a woman carrying a parasol is hastening away from where an animal of the porcine genus is having his transit disputed by a sizable dog.

Medford had its skyscrapers then. A four-story one (where the Elks' building now is), and another almost as tall farther on; still another of two stories, where is now the post-office, then the imposing edifice of the "Orthodox" parish, on the site of present store of Page & Curtin.

Other buildings were farther on, but are indistinct because of the dense foliage of trees. This is the most comprehensive view we have. Its details are preserved in various photographs and printed views in the Historical Society's collection.

Another view in the Brooks history is notable, the residence of the younger Thatcher Magoun, as seen

across the river from South street. This, also, is comprehensive, showing the extensive grounds, with their pagodas, statuary and sinuous paths, the hedge bordering the creek (the latter still to be seen beside our modern parkway), the substantial fence and gateway, and something of High street.

Towering beyond the mansion is the storied steeple of the Unitarian church, while among the numerous trees can be seen the old Bigelow house, where is now the Tufts residence and Grace Church. The English cottage, later the Boynton house, can also be seen on the shaded hill slope. This view is also "delineator" Rawson's primary work; but the *sculptor* was J. W. Watts, a resident of West Medford, and noted for his excellent work in steel engraving.

The views of the so-called Cradock house and the residence of Gorham Brooks give us the *oldest* and most realistic portrayal; the latter is made more so by the slave-wall in front and the distant view of the old wood-burner engine and cars on the railroad, then not very old. The Edward Brooks (Peter Chardon Brooks, 1802) residence is another. Of this fine estate scarce a vestige now remains, but the view is an excellent one.

The view of Walnut-tree hill was also by Rawson and made from Broadway in Somerville. But two buildings, Ballou hall and Packard hall, crown its summit, and one dwelling at the end of Professors row, for the college had but just been instituted. Beyond are the hills and spires of Malden, which then included Everett, and nearer, the winding Mystic with its broad marshes, and still nearer, Main street, with a little of the slope of Winter hill.

Just where the station now stands is a railroad train, the cars very small as compared with the engine. The encircling avenue around the college buildings is well bordered with trees. Numerous cattle are grazing in the pasture, where is now Jackson College, the new "Chem. Lab." and the "Oval." In the foreground

is a sylvan scene. Large trees border both sides of Two-penny brook as it courses through the entire plain and broadens into a pond in which are their shadows, and where a cow has waded in to drink.

Thirty years later, in the reprint of the history, this view is again given, printed from the same steel plate. Of but one other we speak, the "Brooks Schoolhouse, 1851," a wood engraving by Kilborn & Mallory, which must have been made from the architect's drawings.

Whatever the schoolhouses of Medford were in years before, there was some *architecture* in this, made possible by the gifts of interested citizens of West Medford. This has been reproduced in the REGISTER of July, 1916, with its authentic story. An enlargement of it hangs in the principal's room in the present Brooks school building.

In 1854 the Mystic Hall Seminary at West Medford was opened. This was a private boarding school for young ladies, Mrs. T. P. Smith, preceptress. After four years, she removed it to Washington, D. C. It was housed in three substantial buildings, two of which remain today. Strange to say, no mention of it was made by either historian. From its year-book two views of the seminary buildings have been reproduced in the REGISTER, Vol. XI, No. 3, and illustrate the story of the famous school written (and read at a Society meeting) by one who attended and graduated from it.

Two views of the little mill on the Arlington side of the river, whose "wooden dam old W——d" was the cause of an incipient riot in 1870, the REGISTER has presented. One is from a pencil drawing by Francis Wait, the other shows it at an earlier time. It was the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill" of Trowbridge's famous story, the Wood's mill of actual fact.

In the first *Medford Journal* of 1857 there was no attempt at pictorial illustration, nor yet in the great "blanket sheet" of Usher's *Medford Journal* of 1871,

that we can recall. No files were preserved by the publisher and only a few stray copies are known.

In 1865 Mr. Nathan Brown of West Medford sketched a view of the river, looking up-stream from the railroad embankment, and painted in oil two copies. The central feature is the picturesque ruin of the second aqueduct of the Middlesex Canal, which, after thirteen years of disuse, still spanned the river and seven years later took on the superstructure of the first Boston avenue or "Canal bridge." One of these paintings is in the Historical Society's collection, framed in wood from the aqueduct built in 1827, and shows the edges of Somerville and Medford, the ancient "Linefielde" of Charlestown, now Arlington, with the towering hills beyond. It is a valuable contribution to our historical knowledge. Photographed by E. B. Conant, it was reproduced in Vol. VII, No. 1, REGISTER. It is one of eleven views in the same locality, covering a period of a hundred years, framed in the same old pine wood which had been buried in the salt mud for twenty-eight years. Two of these views were secured by the city engineer of Somerville, and are of historic value. We have them by interchange of courtesy, and in the Somerville office are framed enlargements of *three* of them.

During the thirty years that elapsed between the history's publications, great improvements had been made in illustrative art by the lithograph and heliotype process. But one of the latter, Grace Church, is to be found in the Usher work. His illustrations are mainly wood cuts of varying styles and merit. But there are some, found perhaps nowhere else,— the Stearns mansion, the railroad stations and the second Brooks schoolhouse. The birthplace of John Brooks and his last residence when governor of Massachusetts are well shown, and some of these later views we do well to compare with the earlier for the facts they reveal.

In 1881 or '82 Mr. Henry Brooks secured photographic views, numbering twenty-eight, in various parts

of Medford, ten of which are of the western portion. These were reproduced by the heliotype process (in size about eight by ten inches) in two brochures with one page of historical notes as introduction.

Medford square and High street is the first, but with exception of two persons (indistinctly seen) it is utterly devoid of life, human or animal. No car tracks, for this was before the advent of the "bob-tail car," no wires, no wagons. The circular water-trough and central hydrant is surmounted by a lamp-post, others are at the street corners, the foliage is thick on the trees, which are protected by strong wire guards. It is but one step into the colonnade of the town house; the town clock is gone, though the dials remain on the church tower, the belfry is closed and the spire bears the cross of St. Joseph's Church. This view is another way mark in local history.

Two views from the reservoir, if placed together, take in the entire space between Rock-hill and Glenwood, the foreground being the Hillside section; again, two from Pasture hill looking toward Malden and Somerville, Salem street looking toward the square, and beautiful Forest street are shown; next, the library, high school (now Center grammar), various church edifices and four views of Tufts College buildings including the reservoir, and also the "Old Fort," or so-called Cradock house. This last is especially worthy a special study. The western group begins with look at West Medford from the reservoir. Mystic lower lake is seen in the distant extreme left, the right taking in Auburn street. The locality that "novice" of 1835 tried to depict, with the high embankment of the railway, the river, the canal's course and the tavern are clearly seen, also the Colonial Chemical Works, erected only the year before, in the Somerville *appendix*.

The few dwellings at the Hillside, which lies in the foreground, are a marked contrast to the Hillside of today. Away back on "Mystic Mount" is the Chapin

house, from which Mr. Brooks took two wonderfully clear views. One looks back to the college, the other continues on westward to near Fairfield street. Something of East Arlington and West Somerville is shown beyond the Mystic — whatever came within the eye of the camera. Mr. Brooks forbore taking the other beautiful view which would have included his own home on Grove street, now utterly gone. The Brooks and Hall school houses, both now gone, Trinity's first church, the new railway station, then nearly complete, and including the old; a view on High street, one of Boston avenue and another of the lower Mystic pond and dam complete this collection.

How large an edition of this work of Mr. Brooks, certainly the finest comprehensive view of Medford in detail ever published, was issued we cannot say, nor yet by what means or at whose expense. It may have been privately for his own distribution. The writer has one of those inscribed "West Medford," given him some twelve years ago by one of Mr. Brooks' acquaintances, but was unaware of the existence of the "Medford" set until the recent acquisition of both by the Historical Society. Perhaps in the homes of some old Medford families a few copies may be found, laid away and long forgotten. These views are a most valuable addition to our knowledge and are indisputable evidence as to the appearance of Medford forty years ago; and these were in print four years before the publication of the Usher history, still his illustrations were mainly wood cuts.

At that time the subject of a new town hall was being agitated and a little later that of the division of the town. Two weekly papers were being published in town, indeed there had been for ten years, for just a year after Usher's venture with the *Journal*, A. B. Morss began the *Chronicle* in 1872. After three years of existence the *Journal* vanished, leaving the field alone to the *Chronicle*.

Neither of these papers ever used any illustrations

which we can recall; they bear no evidence, as neither publisher preserved any file. Only a few stray copies show what the papers were and give visible evidence that such existed.

In 1880 the *Mercury* began its long career, and two years later acquired the *Chronicle's* interest by purchase. During the agitation of the town hall proposition, its editor visited Marblehead at request and inspected the municipal building, "Abbot Hall," which had been but recently erected at a cost of $70,000, wrote an elaborately detailed description of it, and by courtesy of the *Marblehead Messenger* presented an excellent view of that structure, heading its two-column article. This appeared on March 28, 1884, and is (doubtless) the first illustration to appear in the Medford press, and this because, in the opinion of leading citizens, its like would suitably "fill the bill" in Medford. They certainly had *lofty aspirations*, as Abbot Hall was surmounted by a tower one hundred and seventy-five feet high. By action of the town which followed, its committee secured a tentative plan for a new structure, but with a less lofty tower, a framed portrayal of which hung in the municipal office of the old city hall until the destruction of the latter, and later in the hired quarters, where recent search fails to reveal it. As it belongs to the city, and especially as all the *lofty effort* has as yet only resulted in the lowly-sunken expenditure of over $100,000, it, with another tangible *model*, should not be consigned to the "limbo of lost things."

In 1880 there came into Medford a man who walked through the various streets making measurements, taking notes and securing views, and then ascended the hills in various sections. The result of his work is the bird's eye view of Medford, thirteen by twenty-five inches in size, which he delivered to subscribers for one dollar per copy. How successful as a business enterprise this effort was we know not; or how large an edition or sale it had we cannot say. Of that of West

Medford (in 1892) we have only seen our own copy, and of Medford only one, that in the Historical rooms, until recently, when a package of them came to the Society.

Being bird's eye views, the artist's points of vision must have been in the *air* over Oak Grove cemetery and Winter hill. Of its artistic merits we can say little, but for its comprehensive outlook they convey a fair idea of the extent and lay-out of the two sections of the city. Doubtless they could be improved upon, for we notice that these are not photographic views, as were those of Mr. Brooks, but the reproduction of drawings made after a walk through all the streets. These bear the imprint, "O. B. Bailey & Co., Lith. & Pub., Boston".

Now that instantaneous photography and the aeroplane have come, it is possible to secure views of Medford, necessarily up to date, but to answer the query "How did the *old* town look?" we must consult such as we have herein named and such others as may from time to time be found.

We ought not to close this review, covering nearly a century of time, without mentioning the excellent work of the Medford Publishing Company in "*Medford Past and Present*" (1905), illustrations to be found in years since 1884 in the *Mercury*, in the *Leader*, the various other (some short-lived) papers, the "*275th Anniversary Proceedings*" and the Historical Society's collection.

Lastly (and modestly, we trust), we refer to the illustrations in the REGISTER during its twenty-five years of publication. It was fortunate that a Medford boy, who told us of old Ship street, had the gift and ability to also present the view of it, reproduced in Vol. IV, No. 4. Those who saw him build the ship at the Society's November meeting and watched (as he drew the picture) Deacon Galen James coming up the street in his old-time sleigh loaded with children and with children hanging on behind realize something of Mr. Woolley's peculiar aptness for such work.

To the sketching artist with pencil or brush we are

indebted for portrayal of views prior to 1850, to the photographer with his cumbrous camera, with difficulty transported, for those of the next fifty years; and all these required the aid of a middleman, the engraver (*sculptor*) before the printer could exercise his "art-preservative."

For the past twenty years, with the popularization of the camera, the snapshot of the amateur might secure invaluable evidence and be quickly reproduced in the daily paper.

Effort should be made for the preservation of such as are worthy, for the libraries, the schools, and wherever information is disseminated, remembering that the *present* day is of the *past* tomorrow, and ancient history later on.

We are aware that some of the views alluded to in this article are very rare, especially those of the Brooks history, and wish that every reader of this might examine them at the Public Library, as also the later ones of Usher. Without doing so, we fear such will, like some early artists, "draw on their imagination" to know how the *old* town looked.

STORY OF A BIBLE

We are presenting in this issue the portrait of a man who was (if not a citizen) a resident of Medford for well toward seven decades ago, and who is still living in our neighboring city of Malden.

Rev. Edward Stuart Best, Methodist Episcopal clergyman, began his ministry in 1851, serving one year each in three western Massachusetts towns, and one in the nearer town of Swampscott. At the annual conference of his church, April, 1855, his appointment was to Medford. Prior to that time, one year's service in a place was the rule of his church. But a change in polity had occurred and he served the Medford church and people to the new time limit of two years. His

active service in the Christian ministry was an even fifty years, to twenty-three churches. As the "time limit" was extended to three and again to five years, we find his terms three and four years, one a return to a former charge, and his last a four-year one. This certainly proves his ability and effectiveness. At the conference of 1901 he took a retired relation, making his home among his latest parishioners of the Linden church of Malden.

He is now the oldest member of the New England Conference and was present and participated in the exercises of laying the corner-stone when the Medford church he served fifty years before erected their fourth house of worship in 1905. During his second year at Medford, after some improvements in the second house, efforts were made to procure an organ. The indefatigable Ladies' Aid Society sponsored the enterprise (see REGISTER, Vol. XII, p. 91) by holding a "Fair and Levee" in Town Hall December 30, 1856, and secured an excellent pipe organ that served till the larger new building was erected in 1873. But one of the witty speakers at the "Levee" still insisted that the *Best* organ was at the other end of the meeting house.

When, during the Civil war, Mr. Best was stationed at Milford, Mass., an incident occurred which must have been a happy surprise to him: While making a call on one of his aged parishioners, the good lady asked of the country of his birth, and he replied, "Yes, I am — or was — an Irishman, born in 1824 in Newry, near Belfast. Four of us became ministers, three Methodists, one of the Church of Engand." Then he added that he was now "an American of the Americans," and happy in his work. Then she said, "God bless thee, I have something for thee," and placed in his hands a little book she had long highly prized, and told its story. It was a Bible once owned and used by Reverend John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church. During his first visit to Ireland a young man there became interested in personal religion and later himself preached the gospel.

While on another visit to Ireland, Wesley married the young man to "the fine young woman to whom he was engaged" and gave them his own copy of the Sacred Book, writing a presentation clause above his own name, already written on the fly-leaf. Through all their lives those young people prized their wedding gift and after the widow's death it passed on to her two nieces.

Then the question came up, which should be its possessor? After consideration, one said, "Give me that leaf with Wesley's autograph and you can have the Bible," and it was so decided.

The young woman that had the Bible married a Methodist man and with him came to America, finding a home in Milford. Years had rolled away, and in 1857, she, then advanced in years, still had John Wesley's Bible, but what became of the detached leaf and autograph writing no one could tell.

The good old lady did well when she gave that book to her pastor in whose face and voice she recognized a countryman. During fifty-eight years he carefully guarded it, using it from time to time, telling of its story, pondering in his own mind of its disposition and at last found a solution of his problem. After his retirement he attended the public worship at Malden center church, where Rev. Lauress J. Birney was pastor, and to whom the presence of "Father Best" was always helpful. While Dr. Birney was Dean of the School of Theology, Boston University, he was in 1920 elected to the Episcopacy. Before departing to his distant field of work (Shanghai, China) he called to pay his respects to the venerable brother in the ministry. While there "Father" Best placed in his hands the old time-worn copy of the Holy Book he had cherished for nearly sixty years.

Can we imagine the bishop's feelings on receiving such a token? Probably much the same as the giver's long years before, when he received it and heard its story. John Wesley is credited with the saying, "The

world is my parish," but John Wesley never dreamed that after one hundred and fifty years in far-away China, young Chinese Christians would place their hands on the identical Book he once used and receive ordination to the Christian ministry, when a bishop of the church he founded holding it out to them, says, "Take thou authority to preach the Scriptures."

It has been the writer's privilege to meet at various times and places the good man who labored in Medford so long ago. We have no doubt he did his duty here as a citizen or resident during those two years, and sincerely hope he rounds out his century, a grand old man.

For the facts we have related we are indebted to the author of "Story of John Wesley's Bible," and for our illustration to courtesy of *Zion's Herald*, in which both story and illustrations appeared.

REMEMBRANCES.

By Sarah J. Blanchard.

[September, 1905].

My mind goes back to childhood's days. I remember that during the occupancy of the Gillard fish market in the rear of the Tufts house, Mr. Aaron Blanchard rented the front room; and the reading room was under his care until his death, which occurred there, December 23, 1850. On that morning he left his home at 6 o'clock as usual, and the great effort required to get through the old-time fall of rain-full snow, caused the bursting of a blood vessel in the head. He was found near the stove, unlighted match in hand. . . .

A few personal recollections of Mr. Blanchard may be interesting to the older residents of the city. Who ever rang the bell and set it equal to himself? A glance at a sun-dial on the window seat, then a moment's trip to the church across the way (now occupied by Page & Curtin's hardware store), and watches and clocks were regulated by the first stroke of that noon bell; the

workman's axe, if uplifted, fell by its own weight, and in less time than is required to state the fact, scores of men from the shipyards were on their way home to dinner, and all was quiet for an hour. . . .

Mr. Blanchard occupied for several years previous to 1850, as a tailor's shop, the front part of the building on the easterly corner of what was known as Pasture Hill lane, opposite the Savings Bank building, with a workroom adjoining (Mr. William Wyman, the provision dealer, living in the rear). I think, from hearsay, his most prosperous days in business were spent there. At that time he had numerous apprentices, several of whom married townspeople and became honored wives and mothers. Finally he was able to retain only his oldest patrons, who cared little for advanced methods, and styles in tailoring, and his trade was transferred to Mr. Hervey and others. . . .

There was a tinge of romance about his marriage. A foster-sister of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who lived in the house corner of Ashland and Salem streets, applied to him to be taught the trade. He told her he did not care for more apprentices, but if she would promise, when through, not to set up business in Medford, he would take her. In a year they were married, he being twenty-eight years old and his wife eighteen. She was a direct descendant of Peter Tufts. . . . I will say in passing that in the Salem street burying ground, a rod or two from the monument in a southeasterly direction lies the body of George Blanchard, who died in 1700, aged eighty-one or eighty-four. He inherited from his father, Thomas,* the English emigrant, two hundred acres of land now known as Wellington. The present

*Thomas Blanchard, the emigrant, came from England in 1639, and lived in Braintree, Mass. In February, 1651, he bought of Rev. John Wilson, Jr., pastor of the church in Dorchester, house and a farm of two hundred acres, known now as Wellington, but then belonging to Charlestown. In 1726 it was annexed to Malden and afterwards to Medford. Mr. Blanchard died at Wellington in 1654.

The above is not in the history of Medford, but is from the completed records of this branch of the Blanchard family.

family is the seventh generation directly from him, and his descendants are scattered throughout the "states." . .

The name originally was Blan-card, from a French colony of weavers in France, "blanc" meaning white, and "card," weavers, who made fine linen. . . . Mr. Aaron Blanchard was sexton of the "Orthodox church" from soon after his marriage until his death. His method of church ventilation has never been improved—nor followed to any great extent. His plan was to open windows and doors before and after every meeting, and during service in warm weather; if the wind was east, the windows on the east side were closed, those on the west side open at the top, and vice versa, he claiming that air was needed, but not wind, so no one suffered from draughts. . . . Notices were taken to the minister by the sexton, generally while the choir was singing, and we juveniles would watch his head bobbing up and down the aisle, and his quick, springing step; for never a sound did his feet make, no heavy, squeaking boots — they were exchanged for soft shoes or pumps during service. People then had more reverence than to enter meeting during prayer time.

I have often wondered what became of the small brass stand with a glass top, under which in his handwriting, resembling copper plate, was "If the minister wishes anything, place this on the front of the pulpit and the sexton will come up." . . .

The method of heating the meeting house was by a large box stove, enclosed in brick, its doors almost exactly like the brick oven doors of long-ago kitchens (a small sliding door for draft). Wood only was burned; long sticks of hard wood, sawed once, made a glorious fire. Sometimes in the coldest nights Mr. Blanchard would stay all Saturday night; but generally a well-filled stove, after 9 o'clock bell ringing, Saturday night, and draft closed, would insure a huge bed of live coals Sunday morning; and I have known him to broil over them a delicious beef steak and take home for the 6 o'clock

Sunday morning breakfast, the odor while cooking passing up the big chimney and no one was the wiser. . . I should have mentioned that the abundance of hot coals served the admirable purpose of filling a dozen foot stoves which he distributed in the pews where most needed. . . . The choir met in the vestry every Saturday evening. I remember one night in particular, after ascertaining there was no fire, several persons began to feel chilly and suggested that "next time a fire had better be made just to take off the chill." The sexton looked at the thermometer (it was his infallible guide) and replied, "Yes; it shall be comfortable the next evening." The following rehearsal night, the choir looking towards the stove, saw a blaze, and evidences of a good fire, and were charmingly comfortable, and sang all the better for it, probably. During the after-chat, they were asked if the room had been satisfactorily warmed. "Oh yes; just right for comfort." Mr. Blanchard induced them to open the stove and see how little was required to heat that large vestry; and lo, and behold! all that was necessary for that evening at least, was a piece of red flannel and a small lamp, seen through the open draft door. Imagine a momentary pause and the laughter which followed! . . .

Mr. Blanchard was fond of surprises; sometimes after rehearsals he would ask the choir to step into the small vestry to look at something, and there would be a table spread with apples, nuts and raisins, or melons in the season for them, and also the never-failing bouquet, if possible to obtain one. He was a passionate lover of flowers. How he would have revelled in these days, when it is not considered wicked or vain to have flowers in church. Then, a bit of southernwood or pennyroyal in the hand was allowable only, to carry to meeting. I suspect they were to be nibbled to keep one awake during the "eighthly's and ninthly's and conclusions" of the long sermons. I used to think the minister told a lie, because he said, "One word more and I have done";

but instead of the "Amen" I expected, he would preach on and on, until I lost all faith in his veracity; still, I remember today parts of those same sermons to my advantage, though I must have been under twelve years old at the time. . . .

I am writing with the gold pen given to Mr. Blanchard by pupils of the high school for his willingness to write their names in school books in German text and on writing-book covers with the spread eagle and scroll flourishes they delighted in. . . .

Among the school teachers who are held in loving remembrance today was Miss Ann Foster (afterward Mrs. Thomas Pratt). She was a real kindergarten mother, and fostered a brood of infants in the meeting-house vestry. A high, broad shelf ran across the west side of the room, where the tired youngsters had refreshing naps. A flight of low steps filled one end of the vestry, which we little folks ascended after marching around the room on nails driven into the floor for that purpose, and then had a fine time, singing,

> This is the way we wash our clothes,
> This is the way we iron our clothes,
> This is the way the shoemaker sews,
> etc., etc.

suiting our actions to the words as nearly as possible. How time bridges over the passing years! I, at four years, seemed an infant to the big girls, and they like women to me, and yet today they are my associates and friends, with no disparity of ages. I remember later on how pleased I was to have Miss Foster tell me to take my first finished bit of sewing and show it to the older pupils and hear them say it was done very neatly. . . .

Dr. Samuel Gregg then lived in the brick block, corner Salem street and Riverside avenue, over what is now Mr. Bartlett's store. Then Mr. Gilbert Blanchard kept a small grocery store there. Two of Dr. Gregg's daughters attended Miss Foster's school. . . . In unpleasant weather the doctor would come for them and take all the children to their homes. One snowy afternoon he

came with his big sleigh, loaded it full of children, turned round slowly and tipped us all out, and down the hill we rolled; he, laughing, called out to get in quickly if we wanted a ride. . . .

Mr. Aaron Magoun taught in the brick school house near the Cross street burying ground. Pupils were admitted when eight years of age, but I know of two who were permitted to enter a year younger. He was a dear, good man, thoroughly acquainted with his pupils, visiting them often in their homes. He died May 21, 1899, in the ninety-first year of his age. I called to see him about a year before his death, and was surprised to note so few indications of old age, he coming downstairs without assistance. His bright eyes sparkled with merriment as we talked over the scenes of those early school days.

His punishments for mischievous boys and girls were unique — two fun-loving girls, standing on the platform, each with one end of a ruler in her mouth (to punish the ruler for slapping?) or a restless boy made to sit on the small cylinder stove for awhile, that was never taken down until worn out; or a small girl required to sit on the teacher's knee and given candy to eat, that the child did not then love or desire in the least; or a miss to go over and sit beside a lad, of her master's choosing, not hers. I recall the time when the teacher asked one of the scholars if he had nothing to do. "No, sir." Soon a sheet of paper was cut into tiny squares, strewn over the floor under the teacher's desk, and — well, that pupil never again complained of having nothing to do.

SIX MEDFORD WOMEN

Hanging in the Historical Society's hall is a photograph which at once attracts attention. It is a group of six women, once well known in Medford, but who have now all passed on. The question has often been asked, "Who were they?" and we have heard the reply, "Six

sisters," but that was *incorrect.* On p. 80, Vol. VIII, REGISTER, may be found the names of four of them, in a list of thirty-six natives of Medford who were living at the time of the anniversary celebration of 1905, and who had then attained the age of seventy-five years. The names of the six were written (upon protecting paper pasted upon the back of the frame), by its donor, the late George W. Stetson, April, 1910; who added, "Taken in March, 1871." They are (left to right):

[Miss] Sarah J. Blanchard,	b. Jan. 13, 1829.
[Miss] Emeline A. Sparrell,	b. Feb. 7, 1830.
Mrs. Lucy B. Conery, *nee* Butters,	b. Feb. 2, 1829.
Mrs. John F. Sanborn,	b. Dec. 1830.
Miss Ellen A. Jaquith,	b. Aug. 3, 1829.
Mrs. Mary Peaslee, *nee* Butters,	b. Dec. 14, 1832.

NOTE.—Of the above, the first three and fifth are the four above alluded to.

Examination of the picture revealed the fact that brown paper backing was deteriorating; therefore the above copy is made and hereby transferred to the REGISTER's page. On p. 24, Vol. XIV, mention was made of the passing away of the first and eldest of the six, who were so nearly of an age. Inquiry fails to show that they were related to each other (except as stated), or that they were officers of some society, but just a group of friends and acquaintances. It is thought that each had a copy, and that after their going, only the nephew of Miss Blanchard had the thoughtfulness to provide for the preservation of hers, and to furnish the authentic data above given.

As a matter of interest, we add that in June, 1885, the first dry-goods store in West Medford was opened on Harvard Avenue, and Miss Blanchard was in charge of it from the first and for several years. The "Bee-Hive" was a lively competitor of a larger one next door, which managed to continue in business only by taking in other lines. At the anniversary time, Miss Blanchard contributed to the local press some reminiscences of the old sexton (her father) and others, which are reproduced in this issue.

A SWEET STORY OF OLD

The Historical Society is now in possession of a highly interesting collection of papers written in the years just preceding the Revolution, one of which suggests the caption of this article, and is here reproduced: —

INVOICE of 2 barrls Loaf Sugar shipped by Francis Minot on his own account & resque on board the Brig Neptune Peter Gwin master bound for Affrica & goes consign'd said Gwin for Sales & return viz —

1767

F M Nº 1 cont'g 14 Loaves wt 139½ lb
2 14 Dº 135
274½ @ £6/6 Old Tenor is £ 11.17.10
2 barrls for Dº 2. 2
12.

Boston 23d Septr 1765.

Captt Peter Gwin

Sir

I have ship'd the above Sugar with leave from Mr. Fitch & beg You'l dispose of it to my best advantage on Your arrival on the coast of Affrica & if it's sufficiant purchase me a Boy Slave. If you go to the West Indies please to lay out the neat proceeds in good Produce which leave to Your Judgment what may best answer the great end of GETTING MONEY. I wish You Health & Prosperity being sincerely

Your Friend & H'ble Servt
Fras Minot

P.S. As Loaf Sugar always sells better to Windward than to Leeward, should be glad You would sell mine as You go down the Coast — the barrells may be easily come at between Decks.

The Medford historian (Brooks) said (on p. 436) "The gentlemen of Medford have always disclaimed any participation in the slave trade," and, evidently doubtful of the same, makes a half-page quotation from a letter of instruction to a slaver's captain on January 14, 1759. That identical letter is the first of the twenty-two above mentioned and which cover a period of ten years. Steel pens, copying presses and typewriters were no part of

office furniture of those days, and the water marks in the durable unruled paper showing the royal crown, with G. R. beneath, are suggestive of the "Stamp Act."

The peculiar product of Medford formed the principal part of the cargo and was the medium of exchange on the African coast. The voyages were usually triangular, the second lap being to the West Indies or southern ports, then homeward with the results in southern produce or cash, and with the few *unsold* slaves. The vessel's return was watched for with much concern by the merchant owner, and, we doubt not, by his clerk, who was an adventurer in a small way — twelve pounds worth of sugar. This is not a children's story (or song) but a young man's business adventure. We have no means of telling of its result. Clerk Minot was an expert penman, somewhat liberal in use of flourishes and in the merchant's employ for several years for the "great end of *getting money*," as emphasized by his use of capitals in his letter to Captain Gwin.

The merchant had several vessels in the African trade, and for the last twelve (or more) years of his life was a property owner and resident in Medford, passing away in 1790. Historian Brooks, writing about midway between the time of these papers and the present day, said,

> How will the above read in the capital of Liberia two hundred years hence?

How does it read in Medford (where rum was made) today?

But the Nantucket-Boston-Medford men were not "sinners above all men." There were others, as a recent publication, *A Rhode Island Slaver* (Shepley Library, Providence, 1922), clearly proves by reproducing the *Trade book of the Sloop Adventure, 1773–4*. Of Captain Peter Gwin, his various commands, voyages and doings, the letters and instructions of his "assured friend and owner" give much information, and are a side light on a business once considered legitimate.

TO CONTINUE

Lack of space in our last issue precluded our saying all we desired regarding the REGISTER. At the urgent request of the Society we begin a new volume, and with this number complete fifteen years of editorial service, which we must ere long turn over, we trust to younger and abler hands.

We wish to quote an appreciation which came to us in 1911 from the librarian of a great university: —

> The publication issued by your Historical Society is a credit to its activities.
>
> You deserve much commendation for your successful efforts to preserve the records of the past in your immediate neighborhood. I only wish that more such agencies existed for the purpose.

It has been our effort to maintain the reputation thus gained. The above, with a partial list of eighteen prominent REGISTER articles, was then given on the cover page. Nine of the authors have passed away, but their work abides. The same may be said of others not therein named, whose work tells facts of Medford history found nowhere else.

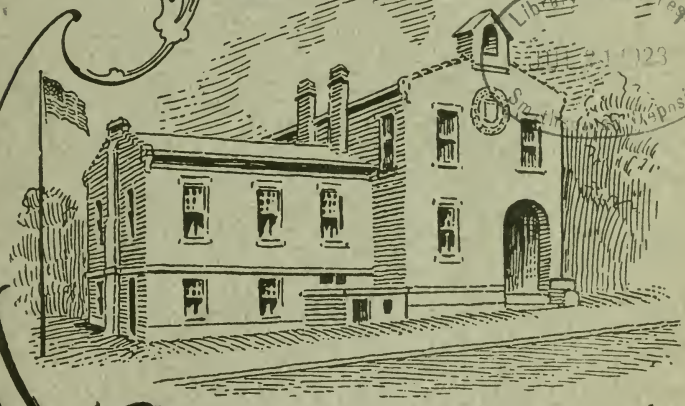
We regret that no articles have recently appeared in memory of valued members and benefactors of our Society, whose presence and effort we greatly miss. Effort for such has been made by the President and editor, only to meet with disappointment more than we can express.

It is said that a former clergyman of Medford always in his public prayers expressed this desire: "Grant, Father, that the world may be wiser and better for our effort."

With the same desire for the people of our home city we issue this publication.

Vol. XXVI.] [No. 2.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



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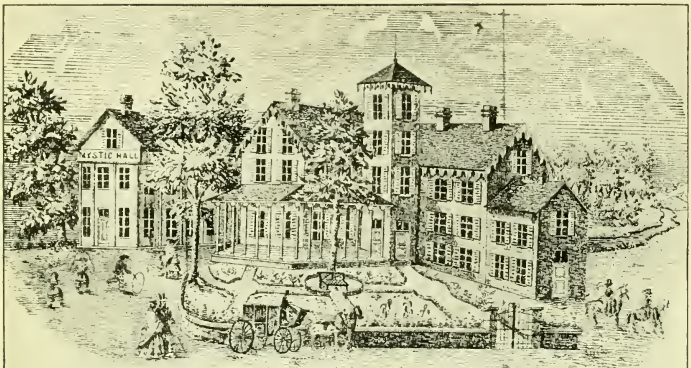
FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of_____Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed)_____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.



School for Young Ladies, at Mystic Hall, West Medford, Mass.

COMMENCING FEBRUARY 1, 1855.

MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXVI. JUNE, 1923. No. 2.

WOMEN OF THE "MAYFLOWER" AND PLYMOUTH COLONY.

BY MARY SOULE GOOGINS.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, December 19, 1921.]

THREE hundred years ago there came to these shores a Band of Pilgrims. We call them "Pilgrim Fathers" but there were Pilgrim Mothers and Daughters as well. No other colonies up to this time had ever brought women with them. The Pilgrims were bound to succeed, therefore — they brought the *women* with them.

They founded homes, homes in the wilderness, homes by the rolling sea, homes hedged in by dark forests, rough and lonely, but they were *dear* homes.

The precursors of thirty million American homes. These are the gifts of the Pilgrim Mothers and Fathers of three hundred years ago.

The women of the *Mayflower* — let us look at them now, since all who can ever be called by that name are together on the ship. Mrs. Stephen Hopkins wins regard from all. Her own little daughter Damaris and her step-daughter Constantia add to the girlhood on the boat. Mary Brewster and Susanna White set a shining mark. Mrs. John Carver, her maid and her young ward, Desire Minter — Mrs. Miles Standish and Mrs. Edward Winslow and Katherine Carver have won the love and admiration of all. Mrs. Christopher Martin, who was scarcely known, as she was among the passengers from London. Two pairs of mothers and daughters — Mrs. Mary Chilton and Mrs. Mullins and Priscilla — engage our attention, as Cupid's entanglements are in this serious adventure (Mary has *lost* an admirer and Priscilla

gained one). Here is a group whom we know far less well — Mrs. Thomas Tinker and Mrs. John Rizdale, Mrs. Francis Eaton — but we feel sure their quality of mind and heart must be the equal of many of their companions. Here are the wives of John and Edward Tilly, each with a young girl to mother. Humility Cooper is cousin to Ann Tilly, and Elizabeth is stepchild to John Tilly's wife. Mrs. Edward Fuller and Anna White are those sailing for another haven, though knowing it not.

From London has come Mrs. John Billington, quite different in style and manner from her companions, yet not lacking in good qualities, and little Ellen More in Mrs. Winslow's care. Mrs. William Bradford (standing in the shadow of tragedy), and Mrs. Isaac Allerton with her two little girls, Remember and Mary, complete the count. Mary Allerton's namesake daughter stands nearest to us of all that company between that day and this. The courage and fortitude and endurance of that band of women can never be described.

To this tossing ship, on a very stormy day, there comes a stranger, promptly called Oceanus, and the Hopkins family becomes of great interest, with its new baby for the women and children to delight in.

One who kept a record of those days wrote: "At anchor in Cape Cod Harbor. This day Mistress Dorothy Bradford, wife of Master Bradford, fell overboard and was drowned."

At last, in a November dawn, land is in sight. With the episode following, the women had no actual part, but with some it was of great interest, as their husbands signed the document drawn up in the cabin, and because of it Katherine Carver was made first lady, as her husband was elected Governor of this Colonial company. The next day new life and animation was among all on board the *Mayflower*. Hope flung aside the gray veil that had almost enveloped her for many weeks and stood in the radiant garments of expectancy.

A little pool surrounded by juniper trees attracted the eyes of the women, and on that foggy morning of the 23d of November witnessed them going ashore in a small boat with bundles and kettles, the first time they had set foot on the soil of their new country,—and Monday wash-day was established.

One more storm and struggle for the *Mayflower*—one more disappointing return to the harbor which she desired to leave, then a calm day's sail into a quiet harbor, for they had touched a rock, for them a stepping-stone,—they saw it not as a gateway of a mighty nation. Her work nobly performed, her name immortal, she had reached the goal.

The women had more to do, however, than look towards the shore and long for land, for their life on ship was not an idle one for any of them, while strength lasted. As one by one illness attacked them, those remaining well had added cares, assisting Dr. Fuller, attending to the wants of the families of those whose mothers were ill, preparing food for the sick and for the men who went daily ashore to work, keeping the children safe and amused, and, above all, keeping their own faith and hope alive; and it went on as unending as the swell of the sea beneath them.

But the time came for going ashore with costumes so similar it is hard to distinguish where each woman is placed. The children are held from crowding forward as they near the shore. An instant of excitement! The sailors make ready to fasten the boat! It touches the rock! The woman who stood foremost on the way over has sprung from the boat, catching at the hand of the nearest man to steady her on the slippery rock. The keen wind and spray have dashed color to her cheeks, the brilliancy of the sun on the snow is reflected in her eyes. A flashing triumph at being the *first!*—it is Mary Chilton! I like to think of her as Dr. Gordon expressed it, "a real sport," not perhaps like the sports of today, but a strong humorous girl, full of real happiness. In after

years she came to Boston to live and was a member of the Old South Church. In her will she left the Church five English pounds. (It was "the widow's mite," as she was then "Widow Winslow"). In three hundred years that has amounted to $500,000. No wonder Old South is the richest church in Boston!

In less than a week after the first women went ashore, Rose Standish passed to a land of sunshine and flowers. Others soon followed, Ann Tilly, Mrs. Martin, little Ellen More and Mary Chilton's mother. Another month, and Mary Allerton, John Tilly's wife, Sarah Eaton and Mrs. Edward Fuller were numbered with them, and soon Elizabeth Winslow and Katharine Carver slipped away. Their monument is the hill by the seashore on which their graves were made, and their remembrance shall last as long as Mayflowers blossom. It is indeed remarkable that even twelve women and children remained. Humility Cooper and Elizabeth Tilly, Priscilla Mullins and Mary Chilton were indeed truly alone.

On the five women the care and responsibility fell heaviest, though the girls and children had their share in the division of labor. Each served when there was nursing to be done. Cooking was not only a duty but a serious problem in finding something to tempt failing appetites, the women often going hungry that others might have more. Gradually came a lessening of the strain of known evils.

The problem of the Indians had been solved on the day that they heard the word "Welcome" from an unknown voice; and their visits from these strange people became frequent and helpful as well. The day of making another covenant was one marked by color and animation in the doleful life of those early months for the women with just strength enough for interest. They met and entertained the sovereign of the savages to the lively music of drum and trumpet. The green rug on which they sat in one of the unfinished houses must

have always brought back that scene to the woman who owned it,— that lasting treaty of mutual friendship and benefit.

It was an April day after the planting that an episode occurred which brings before us for the first time a woman not distinct hitherto in this picture. The Indian squaws occasionally came to Plymouth, and were a help or a bother, according to their personality. Hobomok was the Colony's trusty interpreter, and this afternoon his squaw was teaching a company of mothers the art of moccasin making when Hobomok appeared and took her away, saying the Government wanted her to work, and she proved a valuable spy.

As spring came the children found arbutus and early flowers. Remember and Mary Allerton and Damaris Hopkins played on the beach with Constance, Elizabeth and Humility, and gathered the bright shells in the warm sunshine, until the pink of the shells and arbutus were reflected in their cheeks.

And with the April mildness on land and sea came the last night when the lights of the *Mayflower* shone to them out of the darkness. Each one has been asked a question, and been given time to consider well: "Shall we — shall I — go back?" Each woman for herself has answered "No." The venture made in faith should not have been made in vain,— the standard formed of high hope and courage should not go down while they were able in the light of faith to carry it forward.

The September days were busy ones. The spring planting had been successful and their harvest of corn abundant. The wild grapes had been made into wine, corn pounded into meal, each household a hive of workers. The wear and tear on their clothes was repaired and new garments made. But an interval occurred in their routine; it is a picture of the living room in the Brewster house by candle light, which contains all of the women of the colony in earnest discussion. The Governor has suggested that, in view of the fact of their

successful harvest and renewed health, a period of recreation should be planned and engaged in by all. Not only preparations for themselves but for guests. Chief Massasoit and many of his warriors were to be invited, with no doubt at all of their acceptance.

It was not a question of *what* to provide but *how much* of everything, for more than one hundred were to be provided for over a three days' period, and only eleven women and young girls to do it. Who should roast the wild turkeys, who boil the fish and make the sauces and side dishes? Every iron kettle, every long and short-legged pot and pan, every wooden bowl and leathern bottle, every pewter dish with hooks and trivets were in use, wooden cups or gourds to drink from, and knives. The only forks were long-handled ones for cooking.

The Indians arrived and encamped around the street, thoughtfully bringing a large supply of venison to add to the bill of fare. The great tables were erected in front of the common house, the women and children cleared away, and looked on, now and then sampling the products of their cooking by taking a mouthful as they could, for *they* were too busy to eat. The long shadows of the third day saw the end of the event and the end of America's first Thanksgiving Day.

Some weeks later we see Mistress Brewster in her kitchen distilling herbs for Dr. Fuller, when all are startled by the sound of a gun from the fort. Another shot. Every wise woman and child knows this is a signal for assembly. A ship has entered Cape Cod harbor, seen by the Indians, who brought word at once to Plymouth. They had been seven months without sight or sound of the world beyond their little settlement. The sails of the *Fortune* had brought them once again a touch of the outside world. The *Fortune* remained two weeks, and when she sailed Desire Minter chose to go back in her. This little ship did not receive benefit from her name, for fortune proved unkind. She was captured by a French man-of-war, and all taken prisoners for two weeks.

If Desire Minter had only written of her experiences as a woman of the *Mayflower*, her experiences in leaving for an English home, with her war adventure as an extra detail, what material she had, and of what value for the world to read! She would have been a rival historian of Bradford and Winslow. But of course such a thought never entered her mind. She was a woman, and a woman could not be independent in that day. About two hundred and fifty years passed before any other point of view was deemed possible.

The kitchen at the Winslow's presents a lively scene this autumn morning. Mrs. Winslow and Mary Becket are in deep preparations for a feast — not an ordinary one. Two important causes may be found for the feast and good spirits. First, the master of the house had just returned from a successful trading trip up the coast, with a great quantity of fur to make who would a fur coat for the winter. As for Mary, why, George Soule had told her last evening that she was the only woman for him, and indeed it would not take her as long as it did Mary Chilton to make up her mind on a like matter. And the feast was to be a supper party. George Soule, who was a noted gunner, had brought home several plump birds and a pair of wild turkeys in compliment to Mary Chilton and John Winslow, as well as George Soule and Mary Becket. And if any of you think you have attended a feast I wish you could read what that one was like. Time forbids my giving it to you, as there are three solid pages of dishes innumerable, and—.

After three years of struggle for life and a home in the wilderness Plymouth grew, and this autumn saw one hundred and eighty persons instead of a handful. The new plan of individual division of land, with its planting and care, proved its wisdom. Friendly contests for success began. Mary Chilton and Humility Cooper were each given an acre, and the attention these acres received was not less than any others.

The crops ripening foretold an abundant harvest.

The lightening of hearts and promising outlook caused the governor to proclaim a day of public thanksgiving. It was not after the manner of the one two years previous, but more like a day of supplication. The dreaded visitor, famine, was gone, never to return to the fireside of Plymouth. And where the comforts of all the men had depended on the hands of a *few women*, now many workers made all tasks lighter.

Spinning was a regular occupation. Besides domestic duties the women enthusiastically helped in planting and harvesting. Even while making their evening neighborly calls their fingers would ply the knitting-needles, for even in recreation the women could not afford to be idle. This was the gayest winter Plymouth had yet known.

Now we will observe some passing events which were of special interest to the women.

In the early summer, into John and Priscilla Alden's home came Elizabeth, called the first-born daughter of the Pilgrims. Then came a wedding of special interest. All Plymouth rejoiced when Patience Brewster married Thomas Prence. Destiny had woven for her a beautiful pattern, with childhood in Scrooby, girlhood in Leyden, and womanhood in Plymouth. A bright, particular star in the galaxy of the women of Plymouth colony. Her young husband reached the important place of governor in a few years.

Gray days and golden days passed over Plymouth, each one finding the women busy with the household duties, which did not end with the sunset gun, as the men's labor might. Let us look for a moment at the list of occupations which kept them busy. Candle making; pickling eggs; preserve and cordial making; distilling of herbs; ale or beer making; soap making; laundering and dyeing cloths and yarns; braiding mats of rushes; sweeping and sanding the floors; cleaning wooden and iron utensils; scouring and polishing pewter, brass and silver articles; pounding corn; butter and

cheese making; cooking; weaving; spinning; sewing; drying wet shoes by filling them with hot oats; drying storm-soaked clothes by the blazing logs on the hearth; and teaching the boys and girls. Moments of recreation were rare.

Many deaths have occurred, and the procession of brides still lengthens. The opening of another decade in the new world showed great contrasts to the Plymouth women who remembered the first years. Now they were able to see and hear of the experiences of others. If the arrival of the first cows into Plymouth was a never-to-be-forgotten joy to the women of the *Mayflower*, the entrance of horses into Plymouth life was elation. Remember Allerton married and went to Salem to live. At this time in Boston eggs were three cents a dozen, milk one cent a quart, butter six and cheese five cents a pound, and housekeepers not caring for the higher prices in Plymouth could send to Boston.

One of the weddings of that year was Mary Allerton's. She was last but one of the *Mayflower* girls to marry. Damaris Hopkins' marriage completed the list.

How I would like to take you to some of their parties and merry-making evenings! I can only speak of one. The swift knitting-needles click in Desire's hands as she watches the progress of the sampler which is being worked by a lovely girl. Betty Alden also is one of the worker's admirers and friends. The sampler was made by Lora Standish, only and much-beloved daughter of the Pilgrim captain. That piece of handicraft is the only specimen of their work that we know of which may be looked at today.

When Mary Chilton-Winslow moved to Boston it could not have seemed more strange to her than Plymouth had come to be to her. As the first death on the *Mayflower* was that of a woman, Dorothy Bradford, so the last survivor of the *Mayflower* company was a woman, Mary Allerton-Cushman, who *saw* all of the life, with its chances and changes, of which *we read.*

Through the years we may well believe that the women of the *Mayflower*, who became the women of Plymouth, and their children, whether in newer homes or remaining in the old, looked back to the early days of their privation, when by their anxieties, their sorrows, their economies, their endeavors, their fearlessness and faith, the foundation of their colony was laid.

Mary Chilton-Winslow lies beside her husband in King's Chapel Burying Ground, Boston. Their names are marked upon a slab at the gate on Tremont street.

Descendants of the women of Plymouth colony are now estimated to number more than a million. We rejoice that we know as much as we do of the women. Recently a plan was made that a chime of bells should be placed in the tower of the Pilgrim monument at Provincetown, and dedicated to the Women of the *Mayflower* by their descendants.

More recently still Henry H. Kitson has modeled a statue of a Pilgrim woman for erection at Plymouth in their memory.

We may recall here the noble monument erected by the nation to the Pilgrims. In this design a woman is the exalted figure who holds the book and gazes over the sea. And of the four important but lesser figures, two are women.

Governor Long has said of the heroic figure: "Her eyes look toward the sea. Forever she beholds upon its waves the incoming *Mayflower*. She sees the Pilgrims land; they vanish, but she, the monument of their faith, remains and tells their story to the world." Their remembrance is like music. Inspire and love it. Perpetuate it, get precious memory out of it.

MEDFORD STATUARY.

A letter recently received by a Medford man, from a friend of his school days, suggests our subject. Its writer lived in West Medford several years in the early '70s,

attending the grammar school there. Like others, he had a curiosity to "peek into the old rum distillery, sneak under the fence at the race track," and go to the library for books. The library was then in the town house. He wrote, "there were some fine places on the way, with statuary in their front yards." As none of this latter is now to be seen, a few observations may be of interest. A century ago people of artistic taste and of wealth thus embellished their grounds.

Prominent in Medford were those of Thatcher Magoun, on High street. A substantial fence nearly five feet high adjoined the sidewalk. This, unlike the high board fence before the Gray mansion opposite, was of square palings, all of which passed through the continuous rails; but, at intervals, a paling was of iron, firmly set into the granite base beneath, thus supporting the whole. Thus enclosed, the entire grounds were still visible and attracted much attention. The winding walks were of red gravel in which no grass or weeds could grow, and bordered more or less with box, a close-growing evergreen plant. In spring the flower beds were ablaze with tulips and hyacinths and other flowers in their season, and the shrubbery of various kinds, tastefully arranged and well cared for. Beside the walks were four and on the pedestals of the terrace were two statues of white marble, and at least two marble vases, which sometimes held flowering plants. The grounds sloped away to the river and extended westward to the Tufts estate, and in this portion were several pagodas—or "summer houses," as people used to style them. In Mr. Magoun's life time these grounds were neatly kept (the statuary had its annual grooming), all in contrast to present condition. It was one of the "show-places" of Medford in those days.

One day (since the twentieth century came in) the writer, going down High street, noticed a hay wagon at the Magoun gateway. Men were bringing out the statuary; each piece stood in a big basket, and somewhat

swathed, was roped in and lifted into the wagon, then roped to the top rail for safe riding. It was a grotesque sight (which some others also witnessed), and as the horse-drawn wagon moved down High street it did seem as if *Ichabod* was written on and about the place.

We have recently tried to ascertain what the statues represented and have only succeeded in one instance,—Esculapius, the patron saint of the medical profession. We had a vague idea that four of the six were "the Seasons," as one we took to be Winter seemed to be shivering and gathering his robe closely about him. But what became of them? We are unable to answer with certainty. In a Boston daily of June 6, 1907, was a statement that their then owner "Offers Art Junk for Lynn's City Lawn," *i.e.*, desired to sell them for decorative purpose. The statues were photographed in one group, the illustrative cut being the width of three newspaper columns. The article said, "much of the stuff had little value except as oddities." Indeed, we have heard similar deprecatory remarks made very recently, to which latter we cannot agree. They could not have been simply "plaster casts" and have remained exposed to the weather the year round for over sixty years; nor is it at all likely that men of wealth and taste, as were these owners, would have surrounded their homes with any inferior specimens of art.

There were also two statues on the elder Magoun's estate, which like those already named, are shown in the steel engravings in Brooks' History of Medford (1855). These, with similar marble vases, are mentioned in the letter of Mr. Magoun to the selectmen, as included in his gift, and are shown in the illustration in the Usher publication of 1886. But where are they today?

On the front lawn of the old Brooks mansion on Grove street, also, were two smaller statues of white marble, on pedestals of darker stone; whether others were beyond the mansion in the extensive grounds we cannot say, neither what these represented. They were at a

distance from the street, and were not recognizable, even by an art critic, in the scattered broken limbs, disfigured heads and torsos we found while visiting the partially demolished mansion in 1916. "Art junk" *they* surely were then, but not when selected by the discriminating owner a century before. But nothing is secure from modern vandalism, as witness the overturning of the statue on Cambridge common within a year, and of Sagamore John's monument nearer home.

Not all Medford statuary was of marble, however. Colonel Royall indulged his æsthetic tastes away back in provincial days. A figure of the wing-footed messenger of the gods, carved from wood, and bearing the caduceus, surmounted the cupola of the octagonal pavilion on the elevation beyond the Royall mansion. Through all the vicissitudes of more than a century it remained in position, defying the elements. A legend of former days is embodied in the following, sent to our sanctum: —

> One of the most interesting objects on the Royall estate was the wooden statue of Mercury surmounting the summer house. He stood there poised, a graceful figure, ready for his flight as messenger of the gods. Each day, when he heard the one o'clock bell ring, he lifted his arm; when the sound ceased he lowered the arm to his side.

It is said that some Medford school children were late to school because of watching for the same. Add this to our list of "Medford myths," if you please.

The remains of this "wooden god" are carefully preserved today among the Royall relics.

The wood-carvers' art was, in early days, much in vogue, and many a Medford ship had a carved figurehead of artistic design and workmanship. One of these, the *Mystic Belle*, after ploughing the seas for years, found a resting place here in Medford, and note of same was published at the time. Who knows where? Another, the figure of a bird, was for some years near the Fellsway.

At one later time there seemed to be a mania for lawn

decorations, some hideous, others ridiculous. On Mystic street (West Medford) Mr. Hastings had the figure of a couchant lion beside the entrance drive, and to make it more *realistic* a "den" of rocks was built over his leonine majesty. This was a protective measure, as we are told "it was a plaster cast." This lion at first had a terrifying aspect, which disappeared after a few scrubbings given it, and later the lion also departed.

But ere this was the "clergyman's dog" his master refused to take out license for, a little way up Forest street. The story was, that soon after the first of May the zealous constable was informed thereof and hastened to find the owner. The clergyman, like many other reverend gentlemen, enjoyed a joke (and was probably aware of the conspiracy existing), and firmly refused to save his favorite canine from threatened shooting, and on demand of the officer pointed out the victim's whereabouts. The *big iron dog*, recumbent beside the walk, had not molested the officer at his excited coming. Perhaps he laughed at his crestfallen departure. Anyway, it is said, the clergyman did, also the ones that put up the game. There may have been others, but this was the only one we know of in Medford during the "era of the cast-iron dog."

Some towns had a whole menagerie (could it have been collected) of lions, deer, dogs of various breed, rabbits, etc., (probably indicating the tastes of the owners) specimens of which may still be found.

Perhaps it was well that Medford never erected a soldiers' monument (other than that at Oak Grove), and so was spared the inferior specimens of statuary inflicted on some towns. Equally as well that the memorial we alluded to (Vol. XIX, p. 79) has not materialized. There is an "eternal fitness of things" in decorative art. A gargoyle requires distance to lend enchantment, but what shall we say of the caryatids in plug hats between which we go to the city offices? They *have been* taken for effigies of public functionaries, with how much reason we are not saying.

We have not now the space to mention the statuary casts in the various school buildings, and are reminded of the recent acquisition of "La Pense" at the Public Library. Here's hoping that this last may not make an unknown departure thence, as did those the school boy noted a half century ago.

A STORY OF TWO PICTURES.

This is not a two-story picture, though our illustration resembles it somewhat. We first used it in the July issue of 1908, in connection with the story of *Mystic Hall Seminary*, read by the author, Mrs. Jennie (Pierce) Brigham at our meeting of March 7, 1908, a careful reading of which we commend to our present readers.

The acquirement and preservation of each was due to a chance occurrence prior to above date. Both represent the seminary buildings from different points of view, and were found at widely separated places, thus: —

First. — During a summer vacation Miss Flora Lydston, bookkeeper for Joseph E. Ober (West Medford's veteran business man), was on her vacation in Portsmouth, N. H., where she met a lady who told of her attendance at the seminary, and added, "I have a picture of it." As Miss L. understood it, it was of her drawing while at the school. On viewing it she at once noted the resemblance, and said, "Why, that is where I work! My desk is at that window. My employer would like to see it, I know." She was allowed its use, and Mr. Ober had a local artist (Hans Schroff) copy it, and (framed) it hangs in his store. From it our cut was made. But ere that a young journalist secured it for a time, and a larger reproduction, with a breezy story of the famous school, appeared in the *Medford Mercury*, that to which Mrs. B. alluded in her opening sentence.

Second. — While on a visit to Glens Falls, N. Y., we called upon Mr. George K. Hawley, who in 1864 lived in the Mystic Hall tenement, and boarded the bricklayers

that built Medford's disused subway.* (See Vol. XX, p. 1.) During the interview he produced the first year book of the seminary as printed, containing the view entitled *School for Young Ladies*, which we had not before seen, and kindly allowed us its use.

Thus, from unexpected sources, these "views of Medford" have come. We have been asked by some if we consider them good. This leads us to the following comment, we trust not over-critical, and not unfriendly:

First, remembering that in the early fifties few views were obtained other than by "sketching from nature," we can overlook the faults, respecting the motive prompting the effort. Concerning the "delineator" of the second-named we have no clue whatever. The point of view must have been from across High street and looking south. As the canal (discontinued in 1852) still had water enough to skate upon (see Vol. XI, No. 3) and the bridge on High street still remained, the artist (perhaps one of the girls) bent it around some to get it into the drawing (at the right), but showed the great willow tree on the farther bank. "Mystic Hall" is in the right position (at the left-hand) but the big poplar was *across* Harvard avenue. We *know*, as we cut it down before building the Odd Fellows hall. The legend on that building was, in gilded iron letters, *Mystic Hall Seminary*, the final word removed in 1870. The S is now in the Historical rooms and the M in our editorial sanctum. The chimney seen in view was a *wooden* one, "only for looks," "false chimney," and common in those days. The curve in the front wall is correct, but the house with the tower should have been farther west (to right). It really was at present 516 High street. The lawn, St. Raphael's church and rectory, are now between its site and Mystic Hall. The two horsewomen are headed toward the big barn, where was the gymnasium and bowling alley, but which is not shown. To have done so would have required about four times the width. But the costumes,

* We have heard he was time-keeper on that work.

the ornamental grounds and gateway also, are suggestive of the time. The granite posts are still there, and the socket holes of the iron hinges, also the granite walls.

This picture the next year yielded place to the other, which shows the three by looking west. While in this the shape of the "Mystic Mansion" and Mystic Hall are correctly given, the alignment is poor. It was with the "delineator" a case of *multum in parvo.* The farthest house was really as far from High street as is the present 516. The fence around Mystic Hall was there in 1870, but in line with the oval was a willow four feet in diameter, which could not have grown in the fifteen years since 1855. Again, we found in 1870 an unsightly outbuilding, screened somewhat (where the oval is shown), on the walls of which various classic quotations were written. We will quote one: —

Honest man, in the ear of reason, is a grander title than peer of the realm or prince of the blood.

There was also a greenhouse beyond the "mansion" which, with the former-named, was removed in 1870. But that the dormers are too high in the roof and the basement windows also too far from the ground, the artist did well with this house and caught the salient feature of the pilasters of Mystic Hall. The big sycamore behind the mansion is true to form, but we can hardly forgive the omission of the railroad, which lies between them. In this, also, the physical department is in evidence in Canal street — the young ladies with their instructor at the rear, but they don't all ride that way now.

One thing the *artist* did not show — it was not very prominent — the *stone* set in the brick wall under the second story middle window. In it is cut *1812*, the date of the building's erection by the town as its almshouse.

Old pictures, even if crude, are worth saving.

JIM FRANKLIN, BEN'S BIG BROTHER.

By Rev. Anson Titus.

[Read at a meeting of the Medford Historical Society, May 21, 1923.]

In 1718 James Franklin sailed for London and secured type and printing press and immediately began the printing of pamphlets and books; and soon became the printer of the *Boston Gazette*, the official paper of the province. In 1721 Franklin established the New England *Courant*. The *Courant* began in the midst of one of the greatest small pox epidemics Boston ever had. Doctors Increase and Cotton Mather were ardent advocates of inoculation, and strongly supported by Dr. Zabdiel Boylston. Franklin with great freedom of expression wrote of affairs which brought the wrath of the provincial officials upon him. Franklin printed an item regarding pirate vessels in the vicinity of Block Island, and that Captain Pete Papillion had raised a company and sailed against them. It was an impolitic item to print, but was a *scoop* on the part of an inexperienced printer. The following day he was brought before the governor on the Speakers' warrant, and spent a month in jail. His younger brother, Ben Franklin, only seventeen years old, became editor for a time, and for legal reasons his name continued as publisher for three or four years. The printshop of James Franklin was on the site of the Old Colony Trust Company. During these years Franklin printed an "Arithmetic"; a book on "Music" by Thomas Walter, stated to be the first music printed in bars; also printed astronomical books for Professors Greenwood and Robie of Harvard College, and many sermons by the Doctors Mather. Franklin printed books of superior grade, which did not meet with a sale they deserved. Bankruptcy followed, and in 1727 James Franklin removed to Newport, R. I., where he entered at once upon a more prosperous career. He obtained the printing of the plantation, and several volumes of Bishop Berkley, an annual Almanac, and conducted a short-lived newspaper. James Franklin

died February 4, 1738, on his thirty-eighth birthday, leaving widow, a son, James, and at least three daughters. Ann Franklin, during her widowhood of twenty-nine years, conducted the official printing of Rhode Island, established the Newport *Mercury*, out-lived all her children, and died April 19, 1763.

While James Franklin was in Boston, 1722, he established a library of nigh one hundred volumes, which people were free to visit and read. The library contained a set of "The Spectator," by Addison, recently published, eminent histories, learned works of recent scholarship, and a copy of Shakespeare's works, said to be the first known copy in New England. This library was not a public or circulating library, was free to any one who desired to come to the print shop to read. This print shop became a gathering place for the literates of Boston of two hundred years ago, and was of the type presented by our publishers of today, who afford a quiet corner where readers can come and browse among their newest publications.

The spiritual heir of James Franklin was Samuel Hall, who, Isaiah Thomas says, married a daughter of the Franklin home. Samuel Hall entered at once upon the affairs of the printshop in Newport, and his obituary of Ann Franklin would show her to be among the queens of American womanhood. Samuel Hall afterwards established the Essex *Gazette*, Salem, and at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War printed newspapers and official proclamations for the army and the province. He established a bookstore, printshop and book bindery in Boston. He became the printer of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was regarded as one of the most correct compositors and proof-readers in Boston. He died in 1807, leaving a second wife, and "next of kin," Elizabeth, wife of William Barnes of Brookfield, who was without doubt the granddaughter of James and Ann Franklin. Samuel Hall was born in Medford, 1740; he and a brother, Jonathan, were, early in child-

hood, orphans. The brother Jonathan died in young manhood. They were brought up among their mother's relatives, the Fowle family, who were printers.

James Franklin, Boston born and bred, whose wife, Ann Smith, was also Boston born and bred, had real success in Boston; but Boston failed to recognize it; transplanted to Newport, ever famed for its generous spirit, he not only gained success, but held it to the last, giving credit not only to the Franklin name, but to a generous and liberty-loving plantation.

COMMENT AND CONTRAST.

A high school graduate of '73 tells in a recent *Mercury* of his classmates, and gives a "glimpse" of fifty years ago. Eight of the eighteen still live, six in Medford. Mr. Buss' story suggests our headline, as he tells of that school in *part* of present Centre schoolhouse, a teaching staff of *three*, with occasional music teacher.

While Medford's population has increased *seven* times, the high school teachers are now *twenty* times and its graduates over *thirteen* times as many.

Then the two steam railroads gave good service to Boston, but there was no public conveyance within and to adjacent towns.

South Medford was mainly brickyards and trotting park, East Medford sparsely settled, and Wellington only a farm. A swamp lay beyond Dudley street; the Fellsway unthought of.

No telephone then, no electric light or power, no library building, no parkways or Fells reservation.

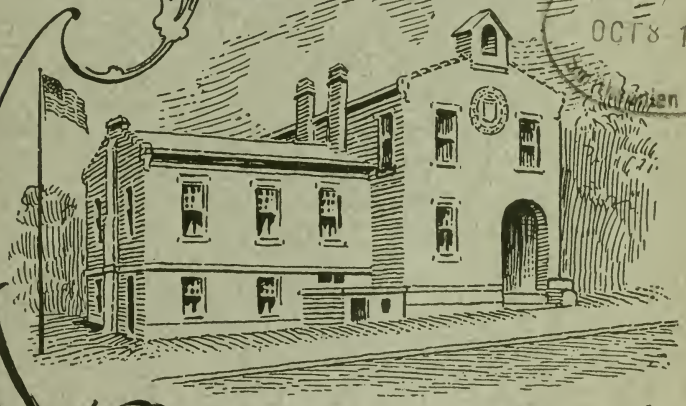
But Medford had then two military companies, two brass bands, a big lumber yard, the old tide-mill, famous rum distillery, town hall,—also a low tax rate.

Automobiles, motor boats, movies and radio, heavy taxes — costly luxuries — are of today.

Let our Medford readers finish for themselves our contrasts and comments, here begun.

Vol. XXVI.] [No. 3.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



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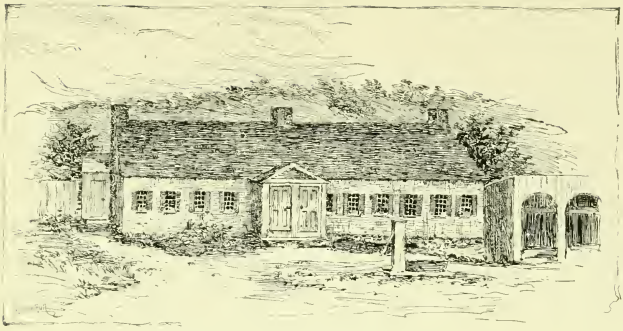
FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.



MEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL, 1843.

GOVERNORS AVENUE AS IT WAS.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXVI. SEPTEMBER, 1923. NO. 3.

MEDFORD'S BULKY RED NOSE.

IN Vol. XVIII, No. 1, MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER, was "High Street in 1870." That it awakened interest is shown by the following letter, which was directly acted upon. (See Mr. Hooper's article on "Pine and Pasture Hills," and "Introductory Note" in the REGISTER's next issue.

NEW BEDFORD, March 13, 1915.

MR. EDITOR: —

DEAR SIR: — I have at different times been interested to know the original topography of the tract between the Library lot and the square, and made unfinished notes, but I never perfected anything. Now comes your very useful record of High street in 1870, and it reawakens my interest.

I have no facilities for the inquiry — don't know the place, names, now — and it is too late, so I am going to drop it and dump all the papers upon you to throw away or use as you like. This is not a contribution article for the columns of the REGISTER, but sent in the hope of stirring up the curiosity of Mr. Hooper, yourself, or some other intelligent person to investigate, collect facts, and write up the subject. You two seem to know the most about High street. You once made a winter ramble along the smelt brook. You might make a back-yard ramble behind the High street houses and possibly discover or infer something.

Sincerely yours,

THOS. M. STETSON.

Not all Mr. Stetson's queries were answered, and we are presenting them anew, with his "notes" in full, hoping they may awaken new interest along historic lines. He was the son of Rev. Caleb Stetson, the able minister of

the First Parish (1827 to 1848). Under the caption "A Medford Schoolboy's Reminiscences," in Vol. XVII, No. 4, is a most interesting contribution to our columns to which we call especial attention. His parents lived in Medford, first in the Rev. Charles Brooks house, but later on High street where is now St. Joseph's rectory. In reading his "Reminiscences" and these following "notes" it will be seen that he was "at home" on old High street, and his observations and descriptions the very best. It was to our regret that his likeness did not appear among the "Octogenarians" with the old "High-school house" at that time, as we had intended.

It is now seven years since he passed away from his home in New Bedford, Mass., where he took up the practice of law in 1854. Though he had not been in Medford for many years, he retained pleasant memories of his boyhood home, and was a subscriber to the REGISTER.

Turn to Vol. XIII, p. 93, and note his story of the "sham fight" and later artillery practice (where is now the Fellsway) which explained the finding of cannon balls on the hillslope above.

On p. 45, Vol. XIX, is his likeness, which appeared in the New Bedford paper at his passing away at the age of nearly eighty-six years.

We put off our intended visit to him too long. It would have been worth while to have heard from his own lips about the High street and the old Medford of 1840s.

The following is copy of the papers sent us: —

WANTED.

I. A contour sketch of the Tract bounded as below, as nature left it, say, in 1630 to 1635.*

* EDITOR'S NOTE. — By "line of Library lot" means the easterly boundary of the old Magoun estate, conveyed to the town in 1875 by Thatcher Magoun. The Children's Library was a later acquirement. The "Crest," evidently the east to west line of the brow of then Pasture hill. By "Governor's lane," the narrow opening between the present Savings Bank and Trust Company buildings, not present Governors avenue.

East, by line of Governor's lane.
South, by river.
West, by line of Library lot.
North, by the Crest.

II. A history of the Medford industry in dark granite and red gravel.

Probably Queries I and II will correlate.

III. The story of the long-abandoned quarry near the north end of old Governor's lane and not far west of Forest street.

This was doubtless a Medford industry, though perhaps near or over the Stoneham line.

MR. STETSON'S NOTES ON "INFORMATION WANTED."

Mr. Hooper opened this subject 4 REGISTER, p. 1. Appreciating the difference in value between "a bald fact" and a fact developed by a trained imagination, he located his mind's eye on the crest behind the site of the unborn High School No. 2 and gazed about the Meadford. This was about 1630, etc. There was no High street and no bridge; no houses nearer than the Cradock buildings in the town pump region. They had to be there for central administration of the governor's property, and on the nearest site to the only ford which offered sufficient level space. There was no retaining wall nor filling at the river; all was normal, unchanged by man. The gazer saw west-bound travelers passing along the narrow path on the verge just above high-water mark and then climbing the steep in front of the library lot, and east bound ones going along the gravel beach to the Cradock buildings. This was a "varge-way," just as New England country folks call it now.

This glimpse into initial Medford reveals a shelf only between the great south bastion of Pasture hill and the river.

Query: How wide was that shelf, and what was the color of that gravel? How far was the crest from the river? How many feet higher than the present surface of High street was the then surface of the ground?

Mr. Hooper points out (p. 2) that the tide used to flow into Medford square, and that the bridge used to be twice its present length. So extensive filling was requisite, and from whence? Obviously from Pasture hill alone. Probably not by long haul from the Terrace road region, but it should come by short haul from the south Bastion from the Tract, which developed slowly into High street and its vicinity. Much filling was also placed at some unknown period or periods along the gravelly beach and so on to Main street, and retaining walls built.

Query: Who built the long retaining wall and when and where did its stone come from? The varge-way would be of little use if it did not at least rise above high-water mark. If the height of removable gravel was great the evolution of High street would be slow, and if passable at all it would be a very "High" street, and it would be a long time before the people would discard their old varge-way and begin to use High street.

One would like to know where High street got its name. The selectmen undertook, in 1829, to legalize this name, but it probably had long borne the name *de facto*. Maybe, when long ago in some easterly storm and swirling tide the varge-way could not be used, and so a potato cart straggled over the great Bastion, — the driver named it.

One would like to see a record lay-out of High street and its date, but I am told that the early records are lost. Such date would be important, and would not only show a public purpose to finish the only link connecting the two halves of Medford, but it would start the construction of dwellings. It was a long time before they started. Mr. Hooper says (7 REGISTER, p. 62) that all houses worthy of mention prior to 1700 were built west of the Marble brook, but that after 1700 the growth of Medford was east of that brook. Note here that of the first two meeting-houses, one was at the brook and the other yet further west. The dates of all the houses on our "Tract" will be instructive here, and it may appear that there was a reason why this Tract did not get built over for nearly a century after 1630.

The Turell house was the earliest between the brook and Governor's lane (1720); the Watson house next, in 1750.

It was a long time before the two foci of the town grew together. Medford was a spectacle town. A very high, bulky and red nose stuck up between the glasses. Later this was about the best part of Medford, but neither streets nor lots yet fit for homesteads. The colonists wanted practical convenience — not hill top villas and bungalows. The Halls owned the whole of Pasture hill, but never dreamed of living up there; they left it to the kite-flying boys and preferred to dig their homes down to the level of common folks.

The opulent Benjamin Hall, Senior, married first in 1752, and built his house (the Dr. Swan house) after that. His son Benjamin, Jr., built the "Dudley Hall house" in 1786. Probably High street was in a transition state for a long time, part quarry, part stones and part cart track, and the side lots impossible even longer. A man had to get rich before he could excavate his homestead out of Pasture hill. So all the Halls — Isaac, Ebenezer, Richard, etc., came late to this locality, and not until High street had become a tolerable street.

The dates of the house building will help us here. We may

assume that the street and lots had about reached finality when the houses were built, and conversely that as soon as street and lots were fit, houses would be built here.

The excavations abreast of the tan-yard and at and about the Hall houses, etc., carried the crest further back and changed the contour of nature. I hope our gazer on the crest measured and noted how far it was in 1630 from the gravel beach.

The record of a county road from Mystic bridge to Woburn (2 REGISTER, p. 56) was probably without validity. Mr. Hooper says it is impossible to tell from the descriptions where this way was located. Even if it was possible, April 7, 1674, to tell in a general way, it ought to be definite in order to condemn land for a public easement. Besides, it does not say how wide the easement was to be. We must conclude that High street owed its existence to our potato cart and its successors, and not to the County of Middlesex.

I am satisfied that the gravel excavations on the east side of Pasture hill (about Terrace road) were later affairs than those about and in the High street region.

Query: What was the name of Governor's lane prior to Governor Brooks?

By the foregoing it will be seen that Mr. Stetson was an interested and careful reader of the REGISTER. His quaint remarks about the "spectacle town" and the "bulky red nose" show that in the olden time the division between east and west in Medford was a prominent and physical one. Never before has anyone pointed out so clearly the barrier the cliffs of old Pasture hill placed in the way of travel as has Mr. Stetson, or called attention to the absence of buildings between the old house of Jonathan Wade and Parson Turell's (at our Winthrop square) for a century after Medford's settlement.

We can but wish that Miles Standish had left us some account of fording the river and walking along that narrow shelving beach, "the verge just above high-water mark" and following the trail "up the steep in front of the library lot" on the occasion of his visit in September, 1621. Those of us who remember the vicinity of Rock hill ere the river was moved southward and the parkway built can readily get an idea of the "great south

bastion of Pasture hill," with only the "varge-way" between it and the river.

There are various queries in the notes that require a lot of study to answer, but this we have from the city engineer: —

"High street at Governors avenue is twenty-five feet above Boston base (about eighteen above the normal level of present river at Armory bridge), and the bend in Grand View avenue, rear of Historical building, sixty-one feet, is forty-five feet higher."

Judging by the "crest" along Governors avenue (between Terrace road and Cedar), it was probably then much higher than now.

Mr. Stetson came to a wise conclusion in saying "a man had to get rich," etc., to "excavate Pasture hill." Steam shovels and dynamite were unknown in those early days, and it certainly was "some job" to "make the earth over," as has been done in this immediate quarter. It has been a gradual process, as some now living can remember.

Now note another section of the "dump" papers, which we present verbatim, and let any who can (with certainty) fill the blanks.

THE NORTH-SIDE HOUSES.

A — MR. MAGOUN'S PLACE was west of the greatest elevation, so he did not have to excavate, but did a great deal of grading and terracing. House (Library) built about 18—.

B — THE HEBDEN HOUSE was a small two-story, ill-painted, white house, close to Mr. Magoun's east line. This and all the other eastern houses were crowded to the sidewalk. It had no back yard. Very steep right up behind the house; coarse grass on the steep; no gravel visible. An English laboring man named Hebden lived here about 1845 to 1850. Built ——.

Query: Get the construction dates of every house.

C — THE JOHN JOHNSON HOUSE was old, black, gambrel roof; may be very old; built A.D. ——. He had two sons, Theophilus and Cleopas. Mrs. Johnson, a brisk, little, clear-starching dame, had no particular clothes-yard, and dried her clothes anywhere. She had a very narrow lean-to back of the house — no back yard. Steep went right up from the lean-to. Coarse grass on it; no red gravel visible.

D — John Johnson's Cobbler Shop stood high upon a steep, say a dozen or fifteen feet above the sidewalk; no path from it down to the sidewalk. He went west from it to the lean-to and thence along the house to the sidewalk. Steep behind the shop; coarse bunch grass.

E — The Jacob Brooks House was a good-sized, ill-painted, whitish house, two stories, and looked rather neglected. Aunt Polly Blanchard lived in the west part and sold candy — red and white peppermint hearts for a cent apiece, also peppermint cones at the same price. You got more stuff if you bought a cone than a heart. Jacob had sons, John, Charles, Augustus; daughters, Alice and Lucy. He was an industrious man, not very prosperous; went out for day's work, gardening, etc. I think the Register speaks of him as "sexton" for the old graveyard.

About and behind this house red gravel was everywhere; an ample back yard; all excavation. Behind this yard it was perpendicular and high, say thirty to forty feet or more; not to be climbed. All red, with outcrops of granite — red also; no grass; no fence at top of the precipice. This place was abreast of the tan-yard. Don't know who owned this place. Built A.D. ——.

F — The Josselin House was rather small, two stories, ill-painted. For a back yard it also enjoyed the great excavation spoken of in E. Family of Josselin lived in it. Built A.D. ——.

G — Next came a close board fence of five or six rods in line of sidewalk, and a yellowish house, two-story, and in good order. Don't know who owned it, nor anything about the conditions behind fence and house. This house was at and on the obtuse angle of High street. Those who prepared these premises for High School No. 2 will know. Built A.D. ——.

Query: What land did Henry Fowl's title cover?

H — The Richard Hall House was a good house, well kept, with a gambrel roof. Built A.D. ——. Don't know conditions in its rear.

I — The House of Benjamin Hall, Sr., (Dr. Swan's) was large, white, gambrel; always in good order; ample yard behind. A stable, etc. Red gravel all over this yard. North of it were terraced slopes, with fruit trees, flowers, etc., on the terraces. Steps led up to more land on the crest and northward. Built 17—. Mr. Hall was married 17—.

Here had been extensive excavations. The Register says (17 Register, p. 27), "it had been called 'the Pit' (gravel pit). As Mr. Hall owned more to the east than Dr. Swan did, no doubt this expression "Pit" applied to Lot J, and in some degree to Lots K and L.

J — House of Benjamin Hall, Jr. (Dudley Hall). Built A.D. 1786. Excavation here also, but the north steep nicely ter-

raced; steps leading up to large garden above on the north, and to cow barn northeast opening to Governor's lane.

K — Eben Hall House (Mrs. Thomas S. Harlow) was a large three-story city house with, I think, brick ends. Built A.D. ——. An absurd little back yard, mostly perpendicular; steps up to a part. Title too shoal to permit excavation very much northward.

L — Isaac Hall House, built A.D. ——. Three-story, back premises like K. Samuel Buell lived here about ——. I knew his daughter Charlotte. She married and went to live in Schaghticoke, N. Y., near Troy.

Dark Granite and Red Gravel.

These always came together. When red gravel appeared it was certain that dark granite was or had been in the same quarry. In fact the former was not a gravel at all, but disintegrated granite. This granite had so much iron in it that its oxidation colored everything. It was handsomer than Quincy stone. It would appear in great masses, some unchanged by rust, others hard as ever but colored like the gravel. The final form was the so-called red gravel. This stone was in demand. Mr. Joseph Grinnell built a house of it in New Bedford in 1830, and told me it came round Cape Cod in a schooner. Many gravestones, too, were made of it. Perhaps a search in Boston might find it in some house fronts. There are some puzzles, however. Why did Mr. Peter C. Brooks, in 1820, build his arch over the canal of stone from Concord, N. H.? (15 Register, p. 31.) He covered that arch and all the promenade from his mansion to the lake with Medford red gravel. Why did the Halls, who owned both quarries, build (1786) those steps behind the Dudley Hall house of granite from Tyngsboro? (15 Register, p. 65.) Mr. Magoun built his street wall in front of the Library (A.D. 18—) of Medford dark granite. (18 Register, p. 14, says Mr. Brooks built street walls of dark Medford granite.) Was the supply limited?

Query: Was there ever a stone-cutting establishment in Medford? Was the retaining wall built of Medford dark granite?

Medford red gravel was very popular. To say nothing of Medford gardens, I saw it in many a Cambridge garden in 1845. It was on the pathways of Mount Auburn, and years earlier on the walks of Boston Common. It rolled hard and firm, did not tend to mud, had no weed seeds, and its color was fine. The *Boston Transcript* of July 13, 1870, says that Colonel Royall, shortly before 1739, made his stately garden walks at the Royall farm of gravel imported from England. I cannot quite believe this story. The colonel, though the father of a Tory, was no fool, and he must have seen the handsome and excellent red gravel of Medford a good while before he died, in 1739.

In the foregoing lines is a lot of information given by no other writer, which is replete with interest. The Magoun place (or library building) was probably (see REGISTER, Vol. XXII, No. 1) erected in 1834–5. Its frontage on High street is about equal with those enumerated B to G (inclusive), about two hundred feet, which latter limit is reached at the line between the Centre school and Telephone and Historical buildings.

The "cobbler's shop" must have been just east of where Hillside avenue now is, but the hill has been more excavated since Mr. Stetson's boyhood observation. "Aunt Polly's" candy shop was probably well known to him and other Medford boys. He locates the tan yard as across the street from the old sexton's house, and in his notes inquired about the gravel of the varge-way. Were we to venture an answer, we would say *both kinds*, red opposite this point and white farther south, as a natural sequence. When the Metropolitan sewer was constructed (in 1892) at this point in High street, much red gravel was dug out from its trench, some of which the writer made use of for walks, and found it as good as Mr. Stetson said.

The "great excavation" back of the "Josselin house" at F was made greater to accommodate the High school house extension, as a look at the grounds will witness.

NOTE. — "High School No. 2" is the front of the two similar sections of the Centre school building, not including the entrance wing, and originally standing with gable end toward street, and built in 1843.

Of the other five north-side houses mentioned, H to L (inclusive), we of today know, as three still remain—fine examples of old-time construction.

H, the Richard Hall house, was demolished, and stood on the site of the Telephone Exchange.

I was later the home of Dr. Daniel Swan, after his death the property of the town of Medford. In 1881 it was sold; the purchaser moved it to Mystic avenue,

where it now stands. Only recently it has undergone extensive renovation and is now (at number 41) a three-apartment house. An excellent transparent photograph of this house is in the Historical rooms.

The three other houses enumerated by Mr. Stetson still remain in excellent condition, the last being that of Captain Isaac Hall in 1775. On that historic morning, "glorious for America," there was "a clatter of hoofs in the village street," and here Paul Revere made a brief stop and aroused Captain Hall. Just inside the fence is a weather-worn block of Medford granite, on which is a bronze tablet stating the fact, placed there by the Sons of the Revolution in June, 1905. Since (and including) 1916, as a part of Patriots' Day celebration, a rider personating Paul Revere, with cavalry escort, stops at this house, which the present owner and occupant, Mr. Edward Gaffey, kindly opens for the occasion. Old High street is thronged while waiting his arrival and during the memorial exercises, which are always patriotic and interesting. Then the rider, amid the cheers of the multitude, sets off for old Menotomy.

Mr. Stetson had (probably) not been in Medford since 1875, the centennial of Patriots' Day (at which time he was "chairman of the day" at Lexington), but the remembrance of his boyhood home was vivid. His queries open to us a new field of thought, and like him we would like a view of this particular locality "as nature left it," or as Miles Standish, and later Cradock's men, found it.

Nature works many changes in the lapse of centuries, but the hand of man has certainly dug away much of "the great bastion of Pasture hill," the "crest" of which at Summit road is one hundred twenty-seven feet above the "Ford at Mistick." The bridge of the "bulky red nose" (the turn of Grand View avenue) just behind the Historical building is sixty-six feet, and High street at Governors avenue is twenty-five feet above mean low water.

Remembering that the ford was practicable only at

that stage, what wonder that the country road to Woburn ("obornrode" of record) got the name of *High* street.

Who will answer Mr. Stetson's queries? and what artist will draw the map or paint the picture?

GOVERNORS AVENUE AS IT WAS.

Illustrative of the preceding pages and to show one of the changes that has occurred, we reproduce from the street commissioner's report for 1895 one of his illustrations with the title he used. The point of view is on the southerly side of High street and the tract in view was owned by the town. Upon it had been the home of Dr. Daniel Swan, which during its municipal ownership had been rented for $200 a year. In 1881 it was sold and moved away. There was a barn in the rear, in which the highway department for a time kept its horses, to the annoyance of the immediate neighbors. It also dug out gravel in quantity for the repair of the streets. We never heard this excavation called the *City Hole*, like another not far away, but it did acquire the name of the "gravel pit." In 1875 the somewhat famous Magoun Battery* was needing quarters, and like some other projects, the plans therefor were somewhat flighty. The good sense of the selectmen was shown in the erection of a serviceable building which could ultimately "be used for something else" over the unsightly *hole* already excavated. The hole was then used for the shelter of the carts and road-scraping machine, and served the purpose well. For some years it was open to public view but later enclosed by a board fence. The folding gates were of flat palings loosely bolted to the rails; a counter balancing weight to each lifted them against the tall posts.

The Magoun battery organization was dissolved by an order of the adjutant general, sent to the selectmen. The building was then used by the highway department as

*See REGISTER, Vol XVII, p. 26.

a stable and so continued until the erection of the new buildings on Swan street. The building shown in the background is that on Porter road, numbered 16. The board fence is seen ending at the high bank in the rear of the next house to the right. The house partly seen at the left is the Richard Hall, later known as the Perry-Delano house, and on the site of this is the present telephone exchange. The rear end of this house lot was blunt-wedge-shaped (tapering to fourteen feet at its end) which corresponded to the depth of the school lot, but much elevated. Against this wedge was the battery building placed, and a little farther away from High street is now the Historical Society's home. Since its building, by an exchange of land, the diagonal boundary has been eliminated and during recent months the original telephone building has been much enlarged.

Governors avenue is a double street with grass plot between, beneath which is the great water main to Spot pond. Beyond and eastward from the society's home is the spacious building of the Medford Women's Club, and, last year, was erected the modern apartment house called "The Bradlee." There is room yet for more improvements and the changes are going on.

TREASURES AND A MAN.

On a pleasant afternoon, recently, I made a pilgrimage to one of Medford's many historical shrines. Upon cautiously opening the door of the building to which I had just applied a large key, I was instantly met by a gust of cool, musty air, "old-fashioned" air, if you will. The second of my senses to respond to the strange but interesting surroundings was distracted in all directions; but as I ascended the first short flight of stairs, soon centered on some large, peculiarly-shaped vessels, black with age, which were suspended from the ceiling. These, on a close examination of the cards attached to them, proved to be rum kettles. The mention of such objects prob-

ably discloses to you the place of my visit; however, further description may furnish enlightenment.

After inspecting in the alcove some very old documents and letters which were encased on the walls, and also many very queer articles of all sorts under glass, I mounted more steps and entered a door on the left. Again my eyes rested upon a most wonderful display of antiques and relics. Some dated back to pre-Revolutionary days; others represented various periods in the history of Medford.

After spending not a few enjoyable moments among these very old memorial preservations, I returned to the outer room and climbed a longer flight of iron stairs.

Here, on the second floor, I found the *sanctum sanctorum*. At the farther end, near the windows overlooking Governors avenue, was the desk of the librarian and editor of the HISTORICAL REGISTER. Facing down the long room, and lining the walls on either side, were numerous books and pictures — a most business-like, yet home-like office, library and museum. Without any doubt, this executive officer and other members of this Historical Society spend many pleasant and profitable hours in this "research laboratory," with its abundant sources of information.

But on this particular day, I was indeed very fortunate. While eagerly viewing a picture of old Medford, I heard someone turn the key, and to my great delight, the librarian himself appeared in the doorway. What a hearty welcome and handshake I received! His very presence supplied the "missing link." He was, in effect, a living oracle; and in the course of our conversation, I was convinced that he devoted himself untiringly to the endless work of this valuable institution. Although not a young man, his spirit of youth was exceedingly evident. His keen wit and sense of humor inspired me beyond measure; and it was a joy to talk with one who commanded his English so excellently. His humor influenced me twofold: some of his sage remarks causing me to smile "internally"; others to laugh outright.

A more versatile character I never met — so eager and alert to answer my questions and to make explanations. He commanded my respect the moment he greeted me, and the longer we conversed, the more I realized that he was a real "honest-to-goodness" man.

I wished that I had a camera to photograph Medford's historian-editor at his desk; the influence of character on setting, and *vice-versa* was at perfection.

Later on, he chanced to mention the fact that he once had differences with a man as to whether or not there was ever any statuary on the front porch of the Public Library. His friend persisted in the negative, and calling to his wife, asked "if it wasn't so." She replied that there "used to be such a state of affairs," thus corroborating the affirmative. However, the dubious gentleman was escorted to this very room upstairs, and, after seeing a fine picture of the Public Library adorned with the said statuary, was emphatically convinced.

I told Mr. M—— that his reference to the statuary reminded me of my recollections of the statuary on the old Magoun estate that I was accustomed to see as a youngster, when my grandmother took me to ride in my baby carriage. Quick as a flash he replied, "Why don't you write an account of it? Entitle it, 'Reminiscences from a baby carriage'? A great many people have undoubtedly forgotten that sculptured likenesses ever existed on those premises."

"I remember," he added, a twinkle in his eye, "that I happened to see those very statues carried off on a hay-wagon one day." The way in which he told these incidents was indeed most amusing.

In accordance with his suggestion, I wrote him the following letter: —

Editor of the Register:

Medford-by-the-Mystic, Massachusetts.

Honored Sir: —

It pleases me, truly, to reply to your communication of the eleventh of this month. In effect, I esteem it a great privilege to

be acquainted with you, both through our interesting conversation of a fortnight ago, and the missive which I have at hand, this present moment.

Methinks, Sir, in regard to your request, that such an exquisite conveyance as a baby-carriage is not of too remote an age to be considered in this note. However, I do not deem it of sufficient importance to compose a dissertation on a vehicle of this type; and, therefore, will humbly proceed to state the facts regarding the matter at issue.

When a very small boy it was my distinct good fortune to be possessed of a carriage, similar to the type mentioned above. Yet more dear to me was my revered grandmother who provided the means of locomotion.

One of our favorite rambles was that extending up High street to Puffers corner. Objects of interest and outstanding features on the route became firmly fixed in my mind, after traversing that particular way so many times.

Among those sights which captivated my fancy the most, was the statuary adjoining the front yard of the old Magoun estate, two doors below the ivy-covered Grace Church. Then, too, I wondered at the awe-inspiring urns whose massive forms rested on the strategic points about and upon the spacious porch. To me, Sir, the mansion itself seemed as impressive as the statuary, and presented a somewhat mysterious appearance. I always thought that its inhabitants were deceased, because as it happened, I never chanced to see anyone about the grounds, nor any signs of life within. The silence of the whole scene and especially that evidenced by the dead white figures cast its spell over me.

I have tried, Sir, to some degree of accuracy, and to the best of my ability, to portray my recollections of that which has seen its better days.

I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

James Percival Abbott.

REFERENCE AND COMMENT.

In this issue are the observations of two Medford High School boys, as to what they saw along High street. The building where the younger attended is well known to us. That of a century ago which Mr. Stetson went to may be seen in our frontispiece. They resembled each other in two respects at least — both were built of brick and enlarged as need required. The

earliest (there have been but three) was well back from High street and, as shown in the view, closely adjoined the horse-sheds of the third meeting house. It was probably considered up-to-date as schoolhouse architecture then was.

In the REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 76, Mr. Stetson gives an interesting account of his school days which our readers will do well to consult.

It will be noticed that Pasture hill looms up in view behind this early temple of learning, whose necessary adjuncts are also depicted. The original drawing from which our cut was made was the work of one of the boys before the advent of photography.

As that early high school "did not fit for college," Mr. Stetson and James Hervey finished their preparation at the Day Academy on Forest street. A picture of this also hangs in the society's library; little has as yet been written of it. Both these gentlemen graduated from Harvard in 1849. It has never been suggested that these ancient schoolboys published a "*Review*," as is done quarterly "by students of the Medford High School" of today. Its latest issue, 56 pages, is a "Graduation Number," June, 1923, No. 4 of Vol. XXIV. James Percival Abbott, editor. We find the *first* issue to have been May, 1893, (six pages), W. H. Griffiths, editor. This was fortnightly. The Public Library has no complete file. Continuous publication would make thirty-one years. Apparently there were seven years of suspension. If so, the REGISTER ranks second in time of continuous publication, the *Mercury* being first and *M. H. S. Review* third. Like those early high school boys, its editor has entered upon a college course at Harvard.

We congratulate the present school, the contributors to the *Review*, and also its editorial staff, on their success.

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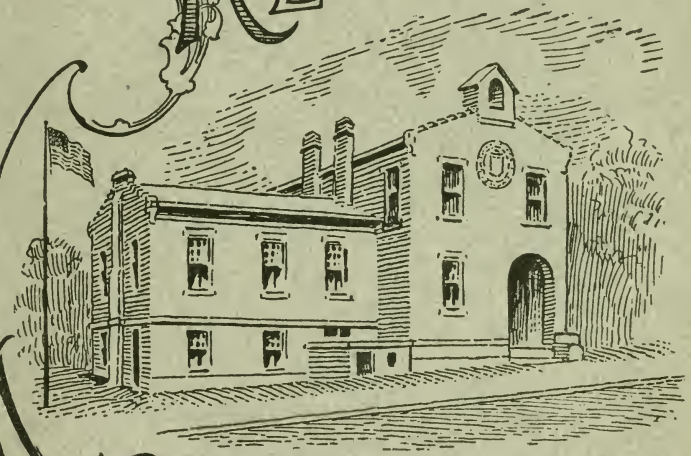

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

The Medford Historical Register.

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OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY SHIPS.*

IN the "History of New England," by John Winthrop, is this record: "July 4, 1631. The governor built a bark at Mistick which was launched this day, and called *The Blessing of the Bay*. Aug. 9th the same year, the the governor's bark, being of thirty tons, went to sea." It cost one hundred and forty-five pounds. The owner said of it, May 16, 1636, "I will sell her for one hundred and sixty pounds." This is the first record of ship building in Medford, and there is a tradition that she was built on the north side of Mystic river, and probably not far from the governor's house at Ten Hills.†

"The next year, 1632, Mr. Cradock built a vessel of one hundred tons, on the bank of the Mystic. In 1633, a ship of two hundred tons, and another named *Rebecca*, tonnage unknown; both built by Mr. Cradock." Brooks says, "There is reason to believe that Mr. Cradock's ship-yard was that now occupied by J. T. Foster."

May 29, 1644, the General Court proposed the formation of a company of ship builders "with power to regulate the building of ships, and to make such orders and laws amongst themselves as may conduce to the public good."

From that time until the time ship building was inaugurated on a large scale by Thatcher Magoun, in 1804, there were few vessels of any size built in Medford.

* In this article the names of Medford-built ships are italicized.

† Brooks. "History of Medford."

It is said that small sloops and schooners were built in very early times at the landing near Rock hill in West Medford. These were called "lighters," and were used for the navigation of the river.* Mr. Rhodes of Boston built a vessel named the *Mayflower* here.

There was a large business in freighting produce to Boston by boat from Medford, saving a round-about journey over the Brighton bridge in Cambridge, as there were no other bridges until 1786 across the Charles.

The distilling business and the manufacture of bricks required many lighters, and returning they could bring back freight at small cost. "Medford, therefore, by its river, became a centre of supply for New Hampshire and Vermont," and could furnish iron, steel, lead, salt, molasses, sugar, tea, codfish, chocolate, guns, powder, rum, etc., at a lower price than they could get them in Boston.

There was a brigantine of forty tons built in Medford in 1699 and a ship of sixty tons in 1703.† It is unfortunate that there is not more known of this last vessel, as a ship of that size would be a curiosity, and would look almost like a toy. A vessel about sixty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide would figure out about that tonnage, by the rules used at that time.

In Marblehead is a picture of the ship *Hope*, commanded by Capt. Asa Hooper, of which there is a tradition that she was built in Medford. The picture bears the date 1799.

Benjamin and Ebenezer Hall had interests in vessels in the coasting trade and with the West Indies which they continued after the revolution.

Ebenezer Hall, together with John Kennedy of Boston, were the owners of the brig *Dolly*, Capt. Levi Stetson, captured by a French privateer in 1798 in the short naval war with France.‡

*Brooks. "History of Medford."

†"10th U. S. Census" (1880), Vol. VIII.

‡"French Spoliation Claims."

The following is a list of the vessels in which Benjamin Hall had an interest, with their captains and the ports to which they sailed: —

"Defiance"	Parsons	To and from West Indies
"Essex"	Willcome	,, ,, ,, ,, ,,
"Friendship"	Jackson	,, ,, ,, ,, ,,
"Halifax"	Stiles	,, ,, ,, ,, ,,
"Polly"	Barstow	To and from Holland
"Dauphin"	Smith	For France
"Three Friends"	Wood	,, ,,
"Neptune"	Frazier	For West Indies
"John"	Stanton	,, ,, ,,
"Sally"	Paine	,, ,, ,,
"Friendship"	Manchester	,, ,, ,,
"Bella"	Grinnell	For Holland

Also the sloops "Gloriosa," "Mercury," "Boston," "Speedwell," "Minerva."*

The cargoes to the southern states from Massachusetts were largely rum and salt codfish, but to the West Indies they could carry salt beef and pork, vegetables and other provisions, as sugar raising was so profitable there that the inhabitants did little other farming.

This business was of vital importance to the New England colonies, as they produced nothing which could be transported to Europe to pay for the manufactured goods imported, and this triangular trade was necessary, as tobacco and cotton could be taken to Europe from the southern states and sugar from the West Indies. The suppression of this trade was one of the principal causes of the Revolution.

CHAPTER II.

1800–1812.

Mystic river was an ideal location for ship building. Its serpentine windings from the ocean presented the greatest convenience for a large number of yards. Twice a day the tide surged in from the ocean, mingling its odor of brine with the pungent smell of molasses from

* Medford Historical Register, January, 1916.

the distilleries, and overflowed onto the whispering marshes, making at full tide enough depth of water to float an empty ship of twenty-five hundred tons.

So thought Thatcher Magoun, as, strolling one pleasant day to the top of Winter hill, he stood on one of the mounds of earth thrown up by the patriot army twenty-seven years before. After a survey of the river "as the tide gave its full outline" like a gigantic lariat below him, he started to interview the captain of a schooner lying at the wharf of one of the distilleries as to the depth and character of the river.

After examining for himself the bed of the river and the depth of water at low tide and finding the neighborhood could furnish an ample supply of oak timber, he finally decided to locate his yard at the spot where all his ships were built. In 1802 was laid the keel of the first of the merchant ships which were known in every sea on the globe.

Thatcher Magoun was born at Pembroke, Mass., June 17, 1775. He early chose the trade of ship carpenter and served his time with Enos Briggs at Salem, where he worked five years. From Salem he went to Mr. Barker's yard in Charlestown (the present Navy Yard), where he worked and studied two years and assisted in modelling. There he made the model of the first vessel he built, which was the *Mt. Ætna* of Medford.

At this time Medford consisted mainly of farmhouses scattered along the highways to Woburn and Malden. At the centre of the town was the meeting house with a cluster of dwellings. There were a half dozen hospitable taverns, several stores for barter in connection with the lightering business and several distilleries, and together with a few colonial mansions with wonderful gardens, comprised the village.

The gardens back of the places owned by the Hall family had flights of stone steps leading up the steep slope of Pasture hill, laid out in terraces aflame with

nasturtiums and bright with marigolds, primroses, phlox and larkspur and with grapes on trellises at the top, which traced golden lacework against the skyline at sunset. The Royall house was the counterpart of a famous mansion in the West Indies, and the grounds and gardens were a reproduction also, and still retained traces of their old-time grandeur, and had, an unusual sight in New England, a slave quarters. A shaded path led up to its graceful portico beside which roses clambered upward towards the chamber window where Molly Stark is said to have anxiously watched the battle of Bunker Hill. From this window could be seen several miles of salt marsh, with haystacks mounted on staddles and looking like huge spiders in the distance, and the winding river which later had ten ship yards within a mile's distance, and where one to three vessels could often be seen at one time on the stocks.*

Following Mr. Magoun the next year Calvin Turner of Pembroke and Enos Briggs of the Essex county family of that name built the ship *Medford* of two hundred and thirty-eight tons for John C. Jones of Boston. After them came Sprague & James, Lapham, Fuller, Rogers, Stetson, Waterman, Ewell, Curtis, Foster, Taylor, Hayden & Cudworth and others who have built vessels here.

After the Revolution the New England states in particular found themselves in desperate straits from the cutting off of their trade with the West Indies and Great Britain, through the operation of the British navigation laws. While the southern states could send their tobacco and cotton to Europe to pay for the manufactures that they required, there was nothing which could be exported from New England. In July, 1783, an order in council required that all trade between the United States and the British West Indies must be carried on in British-built vessels, owned and navigated by British subjects.

*Brooks. "History of Medford."

Another order required that in trading with Great Britain, American vessels were only allowed to bring in articles produced in those states of which their owners were citizens. In speaking of this, Fiske says, "These things worked injury to ship building; to the exports of lumber and oil and salted fish, even to the manufacture of Medford rum.*

Finally a scheme for a trade with China was worked out by Boston merchants. This was the sending of vessels to the northwest coast and trading with the Indians for the skins of sea otter, which brought a high price in China for use by the mandarins, and bringing back home or to Europe cargoes of silks, china ware, tea and other eastern goods.

This trade proved immensely profitable. They set out with a cargo composed of chisels made of scraps of iron fitted into rough wooden handles, pieces of copper in squares and brilliant cloths. The total value of ship, outfit and cargo estimated at less than $40,000, and sometimes brought back from China cargoes valued at over $250,000.† A number of Medford vessels were engaged in this trade. They were vessels of two to three hundred tons, permitting their use in the shallow bays of the northwest coast. Among them was the ship *Eclipse*, three hundred and forty-three tons, built for Thomas H. Perkins, James Perkins and James Lloyd in 1805 by T. Magoun.

In 1807 Capt. Joseph O'Cain of Boston, chartered his ship *Eclipse* of Boston to the Russian-American Company, traded their furs at Canton, visited Nagasaki and Petropavlovsh, lost the vessel on the Aleutian islands, built another out of the wreck, and returned to trade once more.‡

Another Medford-built ship engaged in the North-

*Fiske. "Critical Period of American History."

†See Morison's "Maritime History of Massachusetts," pp. 58-70. "Solid Men of Boston" (M.S.), pp. 70, 76.

‡Morison. "Maritime History of Massachusetts."

west fur trade was the brig *Charon*, two hundred and thirty-eight tons, built in 1809 for P. P. Jackson of Boston by T. Magoun. In 1811, in command of Captain Whittemore, she is mentioned as one of the hunting craft, which carried north eighteen hundred skins and was found at the Farallones the next year.*

The Northwest fur trade was extremely dangerous in the early days. In 1800 the captain of the ship "Globe" was killed by the Indians. The next year, the officers of the ship "Boston" and all but two of the crew were killed by the natives at Nootka sound. The vessel was afterwards accidentally burned.

A few years later the captain, officers and many of the men of the ship "Atahualpa" were killed by the Indians at Millbank sound.†

"Seldom, indeed, did a vessel from the United States complete her voyage in that ocean without losing some part of her crew by the treachery of those with whom they were dealing."‡

The dangers, also, from pirates on the China coast were great. On the evening of August 22, 1809, Capt. William Sturgis anchored in Macao roads. Early the next morning he sent a boat with his first officer and four seamen ashore for a pilot to take his ship up the river to Canton, leaving but ten men on board. Hardly had they started, than the vessel was furiously attacked by a fleet of twenty-one pirate junks manned by two thousand men and led by the admiral's junk itself of twenty-eight guns. The pirates attempted to set fire to the ship but were unsuccessful. They then tried to board, but Captain Sturgis keeping up a hot fire from his six six-pounders, which did fearful execution, cut his cables and succeeded in setting some sail, by which he worked his way over under the guns of the fort.‖

* H. H. Bancroft. "History of Pacific States."
† Jas. G. Swan. "Northwest Coast."
‡ "Memoir of Mr. Greenhow to Congress."
‖ *N. E. Palladium.*

Captain Sturgis, afterwards of the firm of Bryant & Sturgis, owned many Medford-built vessels.

Many of the first vessels built in Medford were in the Mediterranean trade. They would take a cargo of rum and salt fish to the southern states or West Indies and carry a cargo of cotton, tobacco and sugar to Europe.

The ship "Medford" is reported as follows: "Boston, January 1, 1810. Arrived ship 'Medford,' Capt. J. Barnard, fifty-two days from Cadiz with salt and fruit to J. C. Jones. The 'Medford' on the 4th of October, off Gaskey light, on her passage from London to Cadiz in ballast fell in with and was fired upon by a French privateer of ten guns, the captain of which on hearing she was from an English port, said she was a good prize; but while Captain Barnard was on board the privateer an English lugger hove in sight, when his papers were given up and he permitted to proceed on his voyage. The Frenchmen did not permit themselves time to plunder the 'Medford' but made all sail to get off.

"The French commander treated Captain Barnard with much civility. The lugger boarded the 'Medford' and informed she had prevented the same privateer from capturing the 'New Galen,' but was not able to capture her, the Frenchman outsailing him."*

Other Medford-built ships reported at Mediterranean ports in 1810 are the *Commerce** at Cadiz. The *Ariadne** at Cadiz. The *Commerce* April 27, 1810, sailed from Palermo for Tarragona. The *Mt. Ætna* at Fayal. The brig *Mt. Ætna*, one hundred and eighty-eight tons, was the first vessel built in Medford at the yard of Thatcher Magoun.

The ship *Ariadne*, three hundred and eighty-two tons, was built in 1809 by Calvin Turner for Nathaniel Goddard of Boston. The ship *Commerce*, three hundred and seventy-eight tons was built in 1807, by Calvin Turner for John Holland of Boston.

The *Pedlar*, Williams, hence (Boston) arrived at Cher-

**Columbian Centinel.*

bourg in forty-two days. She is also reported at Rio Janeiro as follows: "February 23, 1810, the brig *Pedlar*, of Boston, last from Sumatra with a full cargo of pepper, called here and sailed ten days since for Europe." The brig *Pedlar*, two hundred and twenty-five tons, was built in 1806 by Thatcher Magoun for Timothy Williams of Boston.

The brig *Hope*, one hundred and sixty tons, was built at Medford in 1804 at the yard of Thatcher Magoun for Samuel Gray of Salem.

There are several journals of her voyages in the Essex Institute, one a "Log of the brig *Hope* from Salem to Leghorn. Sailed December 4, 1804, and arrived January 21, 1805, with a cargo of pepper." The following is an entry while at anchor discharging her cargo at Leghorn, describing a gale, February 1, 1805: —

"Swedish bark went adrift and came down. Bent both parts of the Horses [Hawsers] on to the Cables and paid out to the better end and got clear of her."

There is also a "Journal of the Good Brig *Hope*, Capt. Thomas Tate 1805 from Salem to the West Indies."

From Salem towards Martinico: —

"Sept. 2, Monday. At 4 P.M. was boarded by H.M.S. 'African' 64 guns and took out one man by the name of Wm. Wood."

From Martinico she went to Laguayra and from there to Havana. On October 21st,

"was boarded By french Privateer, they used us very Perlightly and let us go."

On March 28, 1807, the *Hope* is reported in distress from St. Petersburg to Salem. They often made a triangular voyage to the Baltic and Russia with French manufactures and wines and brought home Russian hemp, canvas and iron.

Napoleon tried to prevent this Russian trade to complete his continental blockade. In 1810 he demanded

that Alexander should stop it. Alexander refused. "Then began Napoleon's preparations to invade Russia. Thus the Baltic trade of Massachusetts played an important, if unconscious, part in the chain of events that led Napoleon to Moscow and to St. Helena."*

There were a number of Medford ships in the East India trade at this time. The ship *Gulliver*, built in 1806 by Thatcher Magoun for Joseph Lee, Jr., of Boston, was one. The *Gulliver* is reported February 13, 1810, at the Vineyard as arriving from Calcutta. Her cargo is not given, but other vessels from that port brought indigo, ginger, and cotton and silk goods.

Also, February 23, 1810. Left at Calcutta, October 8, the brig *Gipsey*, Linzee, to sail in three or four weeks. The *Gipsey*, also, was built in 1809 at the yard of Thatcher Magoun, for Joseph Lee, Jr., of Boston.

"May 8, 1810. Sailed brig *Gipsey*, Pulcifer for India; passenger, Capt. George Lee."

"August 28, 1810. The *Ariadne*, arrived at New York from Gottenburg, was detained off the Scaw by a Danish gunboat, but permitted to proceed after a strict examina ion."

Medford ship building started at the height of the prosperity of the Northwest trade. The European trade was very profitable, also, owing to the high prices obtained during the Napoleonic wars, in spite of frequent capture and condemnation of vessels. George Cabot said, "profits were such that if only one out of three vessels escaped capture, her owners could make a handsome profit on the lot."

This continued up to the time of the embargo by the Jefferson administration, the outcome of the impressment of seamen of the U.S.S. Chesapeake on the high seas.

This measure was unpopular in New England and revived the Federalist party, which had almost ceased to exist.

*Morison. "Maritime History of Massachusetts"

The Federalist leaders ridiculed Jefferson's claim that the embargo was to protect the merchant vessels by calling attention to the fact that the embargo was extended to the East India and China trade which Great Britain permitted and Napoleon was powerless to prevent. They also claimed that the profits annually on the cargoes was more than equal to the total value of the shipping.

During the embargo of 1808 an inoffensive old schooner came up Mystic river with her decks piled high with wood and bark. A custom-house officer suspected her of smuggling and took possession of her. The captain invited the officer to dine with him. After a while the captain asked to be excused a few moments to give some orders to the men. As soon as he gained the deck he turned and fastened the cabin door. Stevedores disguised as Indians unloaded the vessel, which had her hold filled with English goods, wire, etc., from Halifax. During a large part of the night wagons were taking the contraband merchandise to Boston, Malden and West Cambridge. Her cargo was very valuable. The goods escaped without discovery, but the vesse was confiscated and condemned.*

Capt. Chas. C. Doten of Plymouth, during a northeast gale, slipped by the revenue cutter at Provincetown, with the brig *Hope*. He was pursued and fired upon, but escaped to St. Lucia, where he sold the vessel and cargo of fish for twenty-five thousand dollars. He brought his Spanish doubloons home sewed into his clothing.†

Jefferson signed the repeal of the embargo on his last day in office. Immediately there ensued a tremendous boom in shipping to Mediterranean, Russian and Oriental ports, which continued until the war of 1812.

*Usher. "History of Medford."

†Morison. "Maritime History of Massachusetts."

HALL GLEASON.

MEDFORD JOURNALISM.

Journalism in Medford dates back to the winter of 1857 — nearly sixty-six years. Not that there were not editors, publishers and printers who had homes in Medford,— there were several of each in earlier days whose journalistic effort was confined to Boston, Cambridge and other places. Among these were Samuel Hall, Elizur Wright and James M. Usher; also Galen James and Rev. Elihu Marvin, whose efforts were with the religious press.

Not until 1857 did there appear a paper printed as of Medford at stated intervals, for the purpose of noting current events, with editorial comment, literary notes and miscellany, local news and advertising matter. This was issued under the title, *The Medford Journal*, the somewhat ornamental type making an attractive heading. C. C. P. Moody was publisher and George G. W. Morgan, editor. Moody was somewhat of a genius, and was the author of "Moody's Proverbs" and "Chronicles of Moody," which found their way into various papers.

We have read that one of that name became "a pioneer in the Medford journalistic wilderness about 1850" and that "it was a four-page venture." We are not prepared to dispute the assertion, but have never been able to find such a one.

But of the *Medford Journal* of 1857, the Medford Public Library has a complete file and the Historical Society a neatly bound but incomplete one. Its first issue was of Thursday, January 8, 1857. It was of eight pages (ten by twelve inches), three columns each. Its title was followed by the legend, "A paper devoted to News, Literature, Science and Art." The make-up of its heading closed with the warning, "A chiel's amang ye takin notes, and faith he'll print them."

And he did, for that first paper of long ago compares favorably with those of today. It told of a railroad accident on the B. & L. railroad, of a second murder at

the state prison, of a church dedication at Malden, reported the Medford Lyceum lecture of the previous week, and the Methodist "Ladies' Levee."

There was a column and a quarter about the proposed "horse railroad" down Ship street, and of the meeting held to promote it, which was "a highly respectable meeting of the citizens." Though our proposed railroad down Riverside avenue has not yet materialized, that one did, but through Main street.

There was a fire at West Medford,—a servant-girl took a hot brick into bed, setting the bed-clothes afire.

The names and tonnage of eight vessels built in Medford the previous year were given, and the *Bunker Hill* (one thousand tons) was in building. There was but one death notice (of Malden) and one marriage notice—"Wm. Mumford to Caroline Griffin, by Rev. Theodore Parker." The latter was in East Medford, and we are told that it does not appear on the town record.

There were but few advertisements, but one gives clue as to where the paper was printed: "C. C. P. Moody, 52 Washington street, Boston." He did creditable work.

There were "Foreign Affairs," "Domestic Intelligence," "The World as it is," various miscellany, "Chips from a dry stick" (the latter amusing).

Its closing item was the quarterly list of uncalled-for letters at the Medford post-office, by Postmaster Winnek, one hundred and thirty-one of them.

It was followed at weekly intervals during January, February and March, and each issue was equally interesting, as Medford matters are here mentioned that can be found nowhere else. The Medford Lyceum was an interesting feature of the times and on one of the occasions Editor Morgan was the speaker.

But his enterprise was ahead of the times and was not financially sustained. Though he said in his lecture,

> "I've always found the same old hen
> Who'd peck for one, could peck for ten,"

he was under the grim necessity of writing "Our Vale-

dictory" in the issue of April 2, in which he stated, "the effort had in the main been unappreciated, as not over forty subscriptions ($1.50) had been received, and the weekly sales did not exceed sixty"; also that some friends wish to assist by contribution, but that "the editor's self-respect would not permit."

Announcement was made of the publication of the *Malden Messenger*, which would be sent to the *Journal* subscribers. Whether any dissatisfied one called at his office for reimbursement, as he suggested, we cannot say. Probably ere now, both editor and publisher have passed on, but they certainly were worthy of better success.

As thirteen weeks covered the brief life of the first *Medford Journal*, so it was thirteen years ere any other attempt was made for a weekly paper in Medford. Just at the end of 1870, James Madison Usher of West Medford began the publication of a four-paged weekly. It was a great eight-column "blanket sheet," twenty-one by twenty-eight inches in size, bearing title *Medford Journal* in big ornamental letters, the two words a little separated by a wood-cut of a "wood-burner" locomotive and ancient railway cars. It bore date of December 24, 1870.

We have never found that this paper had any editorial or publishing quarters in Old Medford. Its editor and publisher resided in West Medford and was editor and publisher of the *Nation*, a Boston weekly. Probably his new venture was printed and sent out from the same press in Boston, and equally probable that the editorial sanctum, if not in the *Nation* office, was in his West Medford home. We have heard an editor of later years remark, "Mr. Usher's office was in his hat."

The *Journal's* first page was devoted to home reading matter of wholesome character. For a time there were articles on the "Flora of Medford," by George S. Davenport, accounts of Frank Hervey's readings and a series relating to conveyances of property. The inside

pages told of local happenings in Medford, Winchester and Arlington. The local tradesmen were generous in their advertising patronage, as well as those here residing doing business in Boston, and the third page was mainly theirs, overflowing onto the last. We notice that the subject of a new town hall was then being agitated. After three years the *Journal* was sold, but directly after changed hands again, then to Thomas Scott, who was connected with a paper in Somerville, and soon after discontinued.

No file of this *Journal* has as yet been discovered. If Mr. Usher preserved one, (which he said he did), it may have been destroyed in the burning of his barn, as some burned fragments were there found. A few stray copies have found their way into the Historical Society's collection.

But before the suspension of the *Journal*, it had a competitor, the *Medford Chronicle*, edited and published by Amos B. Morss, he also of West Medford. But Mr. Morss had an office at Medford square, having set up a printing office there a year or two before launching the *Chronicle*. At an early date it bore this claim,—"the only newspaper printed in Medford,"—doubtless correct. Mr. Morss is credited with having been "almost the first, if not the first, publisher to use what are termed 'patent outsides.'" Be that as it may, both papers gave evidence of liberal use of "scissors and paste pot" in their make-up.

There was some rivalry, not altogether good-natured, as seen in the insertion in one (we are not saying which of a report of a local affair which did *not* occur and which was duly repeated in a little different form as news in the other and promptly exposed by the first in its next issue,—a clear case of trap-setting and rejoicing over the catch; perhaps not much love lost between.

The *Chronicle* was a four-page, six-column paper of somewhat smaller size (fifteen by twenty-two inches), but similar in general style to its "esteemed contemporary."

After the *Journal's* discontinuance, the *Chronicle* continued to be the only paper in Medford for six years. It was with surprise that we heard Mr. Morss say (in after years) that he preserved no file of his paper; and we have found no copies anywhere, only such as have come into the Historical Society's rooms. The later ones were eighteen by twenty-four inches, with seven columns. We especially note one with heavy black lines, on the occasion of the death of President Garfield.

In 1880 Mr. Morss had a competitor in the journalistic field, Mr. Samuel W. Lawrence, who began the publication of the *Medford Mercury*, with William E. Smythe as local editor, who was succeeded by George W. Stetson, who thus continued until 1902. The *Mercury's* first issue was of December 18, 1880. Somewhat over a year later, Mr. Lawrence purchased the *Chronicle's* interests and merged it with the *Mercury*.

Mr. Wilber (in the article to be alluded to) tells of "four single publications" by James M. Usher in 1889: The *Reformer* of April 22, the *Advertiser* of June 22, and the *Middlesex Union* of June 29, and mentions their features. Doubtless, we saw them at their time, but they have faded from our memory. (The Historical Society would be glad to add them to its collection if anyone has preserved them.)

But another, the *Brooks Advocate*, had a longer career than these. It was issued at the time of the proposed division of the town, advocating it and the incorporation of the western section beyond Winthrop street, under the name of "Brooks." During the present month one issue of this has drifted into the Historical collection and it is hoped that others may. The *Advocate* probably ceased when the adverse action of the General Court was taken, or soon after.

In succeeding years there have been other papers issued in Medford for a brief period, but which are now forgotten, except as we find them among the "strays" in the Historical rooms.

A complete file of the *Riverside News* (seventeen by twenty-four inches, seven columns), the first of November 12, 1886, recently came to the Society, preserved by the thoughtfulness of one of Medford's citizens. It was published by S. A. Wetmore, who fell on evil times (financially) in his effort, and its publication abruptly ceased on July 6, 1887. It certainly was a fine, newsy effort and its untimely end to be regretted.

Another, the *Medford City News*, in 1892, under the editorial care of C. H. Hillman, had a little over a year's circulation. This had its office on Salem street, and was directly succeeded by, and near by, the *Medford Times*, but not for long.

The *Medford Light* was issued by George S. Delano, a somewhat gifted and versatile citizen of Medford.

It was nicely gotten up, more like a magazine than a weekly paper, both as to its page size and contents. Mr. Delano was chief contributor to its columns, and persevered in his enterprise for a time, but at last succumbed to the inevitable. A partial file of this is also at the Society's rooms.

Another effort was the *Mystic Muse*, but the Muses smiled not on it, and it is now long forgotten.

In 1902 came another aspirant for popular favor. A publishing company being formed by several well known citizens and associated with experienced newspaper men and with Charles D. Rooney as editor, the *Medford Citizen* appeared on October 11, 1901. Its office was in Odd Fellows (now Elks) Building, and the paper, well gotten up, was well received by the public and bade fair to become the leading paper in Medford. But after a year had elapsed, in 1901, whether conscious of it or not, the *Mercury* had attained its majority age of twenty-one years. Its publisher, Mr. Lawrence, then retired from the journalistic field and sold to John F. Wood, who had a brother, Charles. Both were expert in their calling and brought to the *Mercury* the benefits of such experience. During its former years that paper had its

quarters on Riverside avenue, near the post-office. Under the new management it was established on Main street, just south of the Medford Inn.

In October of 1902, the publishers of the two papers found it to advantage to unite effort and the result was, for a year or more, the hyphenated *Mercury-Citizen*, and for a brief period the portion supplied to West Medford was simply the *Citizen* — not for long, however, as it was found impracticable, and the result was that soon the paper appeared under the original name, *Medford Mercury*.

With the merger came the retirement of Mr. Stetson, and on December 17, 1903, he issued the first number of the *Medford Leader*. Its office was on Main street, opposite the City Hall, and the paper was printed by E. B Thorndike, at corner of Main and Harvard streets. Mr. Stetson, during his long residence, had made many friends in Medford and his paper was well received, and continued for five years. During its latter year Mr. Stetson was prostrated by sickness and for a time the *Leader* continued to appear under Mrs. Stetson's management, till with the close of its fifth volume publication was suspended for a time in the hope that it might be resumed again. Mr. Stetson had then been in newspaper work for twenty-five years, and his final editorial told something of his effort and his interest in Medford and its people.

The *Leader* had in its heading a cut of a ship on the stocks, illustrative of an old industry of Medford, and was an eight-page paper, fifteen by twenty-one inches in size. During the transition period of the *Mercury-Citizen*, or about that time, the *Mercury* assumed the same size and form, a decided improvement over the old.

In 1905, the business management of the *Mercury* became that of the "Medford Publishing Company," Capt. Henry W. Pitman (who succeeded Mr. Stetson) continuing as editor, with Mrs. Frances French as assistant.

In 1905 Medford celebrated the two hundred and

seventy-fifth anniversary of its settlement; and the *Mercury* made especial note of it in its columns; and also anticipated it by publishing a souvenir volume of one-hundred and seventy pages, entitled "Medford, Past and Present." In that is an article on the "Newspapers of Medford," by Mortimer E. Wilber, to which we are indebted for some of our facts. It is highly interesting, containing but few errors, and those slight. Such corrections of them as are now made are from sources then not available. This book is especially noteworthy and creditable, as its various writers were all Medford people and (as we were told) all its mechanical features were executed by Medford men doing business in Boston.

Also, in 1905, the *Mercury* issued a "Twenty-fifth Anniversary number," dating from its establishment by Mr. Lawrence, and not from that of the *Chronicle* of 1872, whose interest and good will it had acquired by purchase.

William Preble Jones succeeded Captain Pitman in the editorial sanctum, until the sale of the paper to Claude David in 1912. Mrs. David was his associate editor, but neither succeeded in revolutionizing Medford during their management.

The city hall project was much in evidence, and the old one which had been the "town hall of the grandfathers" was continually maligned in the weekly issues.

An automobile gift project, which did not materialize, was somewhat exploited, and soon after, the paper came into its present management. A marked change was noted, especially by its subscribers and patrons.

In November, 1918, the *Mercury* moved to Medford square, to the old historic home of Jonathan Porter, at Nos. 4 and 6 Main street, occupying the first floor as office and press-room and the entire second as composing and job-printing rooms.

Before the removal, however, another "esteemed contemporary" appeared on the scene, this time the *Medford Messenger*, issued by E. B. Thorndike from Harvard

street in South Medford. This was an eight-page paper, eleven by fourteen inches, six columns on a page, and first appeared October 10, 1913.

On January 2, 1914, it was enlarged to fifteen by twenty-one inches, and in 1922 its volume was extended by additional issues to the end of the year, making the succeeding volume begin with the calendar year.

In 1916, there appeared a new venture in Medford journalism — *The Review.* This was an eight-page, six column weekly of the same size as the *Mercury* and *Messenger.* Its heading was ornamented with a cut of a ship ready for launching, and bore the legend,

"News, Arts and Sciences."

Captain Pitman was with it at its inception, but for some cause or other soon left it to the management and editing of Herbert A. Weitz. Its first issue was on April 15, 1916. In January, 1917, it ceased.

The last issue is of "Second Year, No. 1" — was the thirty-seventh number, and contains no intimation of suspension or discontinuance.

The Historical Society has a complete file of the *Review,* whose office was at High street in West Medford.

There have been at various times publications by various societies, secular, fraternal and religious, which are worthy of notice. They were issued in furtherance of some special object. The "fair papers," announcing a fair or festival, of course were ephemeral,— still a collection of such would be of historic interest. They were generally financed by their advertising patrons for the furtherance of their respective objects, and, as was expected, only transitory. Several of the Medford churches have at times published weekly or monthly papers.

In 1886 and 1887 the First Medford Episcopal Church published its *Enterprise,* a monthly (Rev. L. D. Bragg edited it) in furtherance of the big enterprise of raising the burdensome debt upon the church property. That it was a help is seen in the fact that its first two subscription payments was the first money collected toward

$14,000. Some town news, as well as parish and church, may be found in its columns.

In 1901, Rev. J. V. Clancy launched the *Parish Beacon*, an eight-page monthly, in May. Though primarily in behalf of the West Medford Congregational Church, it was of interest to the community; and the business men of West Medford helped to finance it in their way. It contained the church calendar, parish directory and news, and some locals. The contributed articles were of high order. After six months it reduced its pages to magazine size, and in noting the change the editor remarked that it had passed successfully through its experimental days. We have only the issues of that year before us and cannot say when it was discontinued, but wish it had not been.

In 1911, with a church debt to raise, Trinity Church (Methodist Episcopal) of West Medford issued its *Beacon*, with its pastor, Rev. Charles Tilton, at the managing and editorial helm. This was of magazine size and weekly. It was current for three years, continuing for a time after its objective was attained, during Mr. Tilton's pastorate. At the time of the mortgage burning, the *Beacon* had a special number printed in blue ink — but there was nothing else blue, but, rather, great rejoicing.

In Trinity's "jubilee year," 1891–2, appeared *Trinity Jubilee Chimes*, Rev. M. L. Bullock, editor, sixteen pages, eight and one-half by twelve inches, two columns each. Published eight months of the year, it is now in its third volume. Its cover page is of attractive design, a central panel containing a reproduction (half-tone) of some great master's work. Primarily in the interest of Trinity's people, it is welcomed by all.

Doubtless there are or have been others of this class which are worthy of mention, but which have not come to our notice. All such are worthy of preservation in the homes and libraries of our city. With this digression we return to our subject,— the journalism of Medford.

The *Medford Mercury*, the longest established weekly paper of Medford, has just moved into its new quarters, the fourth in its history, and is issuing a memorial or anniversary number. Of its publishing interests and personnel its managers will doubtless tell.

The present writer has undertaken to tell of the journalism of the past sixty-six years, partly from his own observation and from authentic record.

Allusion has been made to the Historical Society's collection of papers, to which the writer turns for proof of some statements. Among these are the earlier but not complete files of the *Mercury*.

It was with much surprise that we found some years ago that our public library had no files of the (second) Medford *Journal* or *Chronicle*, nor yet any bound files of the *Mercury*. It seems strange that neither earlier editor saw to it that the library was furnished with copies of his paper. Furthermore, it seems that there was a lack of foresight somewhere, or else a niggardly economy (whether in town meeting or committee we are not prepared to say) that the *Mercury* of each succeeding year was not substantially bound in board covers and thus preserved.

Even the editors and publishers of the early *Mercury* were negligent in this, though they did place a year's issue between half-inch strips of hard wood, tied through at intervals. But such method did not protect the outer pages. It would appear that even they had lost some years' numbers, as some bear the name of Charles Cummings, the old high school master.

In later years they were rolled up and consigned to the dark loft under the roof, to be consulted only by the rats. At removal from the old quarters down Main street, such as remained in the loft were transported to the Historical rooms, where the librarian carefully arranged them, but found two volumes (for the years 1884 and 1885) missing. Later (a labor of love) they were wire-stitched and bound in heavy covers of builders

felt and kept flat in a filing case in the library. Since that time we had occasion to seek information contained in those that are missing. Our only resort was the public library. Some bundles were brought us and with the utmost care we examined them till we found in the issue of March 28, 1884, the object of our search — the first illustration (other than advertising cuts) used in a Medford paper. It was a view of "Abbot Hall," the municipal building of Marblehead, reproduced by the courtesy of the *Marblehead Messenger*,— a result of the town hall agitation. Since then the various Medford papers have been more or less illustrated, especially since the camera became so popular. It is a great help to the journalist.

A source of regret it is that from 1857 to 1880, and practically those other two years, the doing in Medford the papers told of is lost, and that so little opportunity is available for the rest. In a nearby suburban city at the present time its early newspapers (since 1845) are being carefully searched and indexed and important happenings tabulated. In those early years an outlay of two or three dollars a year would have saved these Medford papers for future use.

We have been told that "they were not worth binding" (meaning, doubtless, in present condition). But we hold that a local weekly which tells of current events is worthy of preservation if worthy of publication. But to fold a newspaper page into eight squares is not a preservative method, nor yet is it well to leave the accumulated papers exposed to the sunlight. Wood pulp paper has not the enduring qualities of rag paper of earlier days.

We have thus tried to present a *correct* statement which may be confidently referred to in the future, but haven't exhausted our subject, which grows as we consider it.

Present space forbids much which might be written of the influence of the Medford press, as well as of its record of current events.

MOSES WHITCHER MANN.

AIR SHIPS IN MEDFORD

December 17 is the twentieth anniversary of the Wright brothers' first successful aeroplane flight. For more than a century "flying chariots in the air" had been predicted, but only the balloon had mounted skyward.

A pretty piece of fiction was "Darius Green and his flying machine," which may (or may not) have had its influence on inventive minds. But the story which gained credence, that Schoolmaster Cummings gave its author the name of the Medford boy Darius for his hero is utterly without foundation. When, in 1911, the art of flying having progressed, Mr. Trowbridge attended the "aviation meet" at Squantum, an honored guest. It must have been a satisfaction to him to have seen a realization of his fictional vision. Two of the fliers landed in Medford — one because of mechanical defect, the other, overloaded. This was on the morning of Labor Day. Views of the scene and accounts thereof are in the *Mercury* of September 15, 1911. Two others passed over Medford, one winning the $10,000 prize.

During the World War aviation advanced rapidly, and since then oceans and continents have been crossed. During the recent summer some advertising of a certain brand of tobacco has been done by releasing a gas or cloud of smoke, by skillful piloting, thus spelling the words on the aerial billboard.

But the *great sight* was on November 20, when at about 1.00 P.M. the U.S.S. Shenandoah, in its seven-hundred-mile flight from New Jersey and back, passed over the Mystic valley. Really moving seventy-five miles per hour, to the multitudes gazing upward its flight seem leisurely but certainly majestic. As we looked across the river at the buildings of the American Woolen Co. and realized that equivalent in size to the three combined was this modern dirigible air ship, we could but wonder at man's conquest of the air, and say "what next?" with an involuntary shudder at the possibilities of war.

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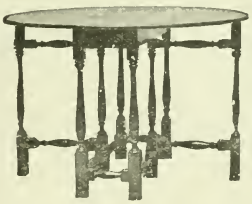

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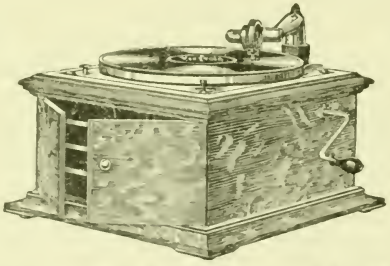

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